

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'Foiled', a drawing in sepia wash by Goya from the exhibition at the Arts Council's galleries in St. James's Square, London (see page 1098)

In this number:

Is U.S. Television Killing the Movies? (Alistair Cooke)

The Battle of Waterloo (Sir Grimwood Mears)

Policeman and Suspect (Sir Carleton Allen)

It's no tall story...



**higher
mileage**

is a REALITY!

It's quite certain—tyres cost less per mile when you fit Avon H.M.'s. Years of Avon research, and road tests over more than 1½ million miles, make their higher mileage an assured fact—whatever your car. The tread is deeper and thicker: its pattern is scientifically calculated to reduce wear and increase performance and safety. There is no finer, more economical tyre—thousands of motorists have already proved it to their great satisfaction.



AVON
H.M.

AN ALL BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT



Steel

LETS IN THE LIGHT

Over 190,000 of the 318,779 houses built in Britain last year had steel frame windows, and hardly a school or a factory is built today without them. These windows are slim, long lasting, inexpensive; they let in the maximum amount of sun and light.

The steel for the frames is rolled into small intricate sections from 30 foot billets in up-to-date rolling mills.

Not only at home, but overseas, steel windows are being used more and more. Windows made of British steel now go to seventy-five different countries, including the United States and Canada.

STEEL is at your service

The Listener

Vol. LI. No. 1321

Thursday June 24 1954

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

The 'New Look' in U.S. Military Policy (George Fielding Eliot)	1075
Korean Recovery: a Progress Report (Sir Arthur Rucker) ...	1077
The Soviet Experiment in Central Asia (Geoffrey Wheeler) ...	1079
The Hydrogen Bomb—V (Sir John Slessor)	1080
Is U.S. Television Killing the Movies? (Alistair Cooke) ...	1087

THE LISTENER:

After the Ball	1082
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	1082

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Keats-Shelley Memorial (Robert Stimson)	1083
Visiting a Plutonium Factory (Douglas Brown)	1083
Canned Rattlesnake as a Delicacy (Frank Lane)	1084
The Truth about Trams (John C. Hartley)	1084
How to Get Rid of Warts (Ronald Lloyd)	1084

HISTORY:

The Battle of Waterloo (Letter from Captain Thomas Wildman, introduced by Sir Grimwood Mears)	1085
--	------

ARCHAEOLOGY:

Neolithic Cultures of the British Isles (Gordon Childe) ...	1089
---	------

MUSIC:

The Achievement of Delius (Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.) ...	1091
Opera Libretti at Their Worst (Sir George Stuart Robertson) ...	1092
The Music of Lennox Berkeley (Wilfrid Mellers)	1113

POEMS:

The Obituary (Dwight Smith)	1093
Evolution (Huw Menai)	1093
English Film (D. J. Enright)	1093

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

... ..	1094
LAW IN ACTION: Policeman and Suspect (Sir Carleton Allen) ...	1096
ART: Goya's Etchings and Drawings (Andrew Forge)	1098

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From John Ferguson, Professor A. E. Johnson, Dr. L. E. C. Hughes, Geoffrey Carnall, Bruce M. Adkins, Frances B. Paulu, Sidney Salomon, Reginald Sorensen, M.P., John North, Vivien Cutting, C. P. H. Wilson, P. N. Waley Joseph, Edward Osborn, Pamela M. Clark, Professor John Wisdom, Harold Binns, Edward Francis, Georges Duthuit, and C. B. Purdom	1099
---	------

LITERATURE:

The Listener's Book Chronicle	1103
New Novels (Idris Parry)	1107

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound)	1108
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace)	1109
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin)	1109
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong)	1111
Music (Dyneley Hussey)	1111

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

... ..	1115
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	1115
CROSSWORD NO. 1,260	1115

The 'New Look' in U.S. Military Policy

By GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

THE reappraisal of United States military policy which everyone is calling the 'New Look' is not really a new policy at all. It is rather an adjustment of military policy to correspond with the political and economic realities of a cold war which may be of indefinite duration.

What is new about it is the abandonment of the idea—so dear to past generations of Americans—that we do not need to maintain large peace-time military establishments because distance will always give us time to prepare before disaster can befall us. The New Look recognises that we must hereafter learn to live with danger year in and year out (even day in and day out) rather than consider danger in terms of recurrent emergencies which can be disposed of by bursts of national energy followed by comfortable relaxation. This we must do as long as a vast proportion of the resources and people of this planet continue to be controlled by a totalitarian government dedicated to the destruction of human freedom. The key characteristic of the New Look is not the idea of massive retaliation, which has indeed been the central theme of our strategy ever since 1945. It is, to quote the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Radford, 'a steady long-term gain in combat strength rather than a rapid build-up for a particular crisis'. This involves (1) a careful choice of weapons and allocation of expenditures, (2) the creation of permanent machinery for the rapid mobilisation of man-power and industrial resources, (3) a far higher state of readiness for reserve forces than we have ever known before, and (4) the maintenance of military production at peace-time levels which can be sustained economically and will permit quick stepping-up of production when required.

All of this should be encouraging to our friends and allies rather than the reverse. The net result will be a United States readier to act with decisive force than heretofore, subject to fewer delays in so

acting, and therefore speaking with greater weight in world councils where force, alas, remains the pivot of decision. The misconceptions of what the New Look actually is are due in large part to ill-considered attempts by bright minds on the public relations side of the administration to oversell it: to polish it up and make it shining and exciting and dramatic so that the man in the street would be favourably impressed—especially as election day looms ever larger on the political horizon. From the President down, the error of this approach is now being recognised, because the reaction of the American public as well as of America's allies abroad was almost uniformly unfavourable to the suggestion that there was some quick, overwhelming, simple solution to our military problems. From bitter experience the American public appears at last to have grasped the idea that there is no get-rich-quick answer to the life-and-death question of how to be secure in this air-atomic age.

It is true that the grim military facts of the times have compelled Americans to face up to these new responsibilities: it is also true that Americans do so with reluctance. Much of the misunderstanding which arises in adjusting American and British policies is due to the fact that Britons were compelled, for reasons having to do with geography and the developing range of aircraft, to accept a basic change in the British military position perhaps a generation before we did. They accepted it with reluctance, too. Everyone would prefer comfort to the strain and expense of eternal vigilance. The revolution in human affairs to which Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor has referred in his recent broadcast to B.B.C. listeners* has largely been brought about by new weapons and their application to those affairs. But I find it difficult to agree with Sir John that, as a result of this revolution, total war has become a thing of the past. He ascribes to the leaders of the enemy too great a share of the sort of balanced judgement

* THE LISTENER, February 11

which controls the governments of free peoples under the sanctions of unlimited public debate and assessment of objectives.

To argue as an academic question whether weapons are the tools or the masters of policy is likely to be about as profitable as the old question of which came first, the chicken or the egg. The problem is how free men can make use of weapons as tools to preserve human freedom on this planet. There is no use trying to hide from the fact that we are living in a period of military revolution. It is not just an atomic, or thermo-nuclear, revolution: it is a triple revolution, the nuclear revolution plus the electronic revolution plus the jet-propulsion revolution. Far more powerful weapons (atom bombs and hydrogen bombs) can be much more accurately directed over longer distances by electronics and move at speeds which would have been incredible a few years ago.

Primary Purpose: Deterrence

It is natural that we of the western world, with the world's highest standard of living, should wish that no actual war with such weapons should ever be fought. Our primary purpose, therefore, is a deterrent purpose: to prevent any other power from resorting to war as an instrument of its policy. Specifically, at present, this means deterring the Soviet Union from resorting to war as a means of accomplishing its primary objective of world domination. Since we cannot be strong everywhere and in all respects, the New Look tends to emphasise the weapons needed for this primary policy, the purpose of which is to present an unacceptable risk factor to Soviet planners dreaming of global war as an instrument of their policy. These weapons are atomic and thermo-nuclear explosives and the means for delivering them on Soviet targets. We should not, however, think of these 'means' solely in terms of the big bombers of the Strategic Air Command, or even of these plus the far-ranging aircraft-carriers of the Navy. There is much more to the problem than these comparatively simple concepts.

Let us examine the true nature of a deterrent military policy. It operates not on our own minds, but on those of the enemy leaders, the men who make the Soviet decisions. It is effective only as long as it holds them back from reaching decisions that would be contrary to our interests. It is our Big Stick. It will work just as long as the enemy sees no way to gain his ends without the Big Stick falling on his head. But he will never—as long as he continues to hold to the purposes which it prevents him from accomplishing—stop figuring out ways to duck inside its swing, or paralyse the arm which swings it, or so protect himself that it cannot hurt him too much.

As a purely hypothetical example of this sort of enemy calculation, let us imagine that the Soviet staff becomes convinced that, say, fifty per cent. of the total offensive nuclear capabilities of the United States depend on the use of overseas bases in the British Isles and western Europe. Of the remaining fifty per cent., let us say, they work it out that half (or twenty-five per cent. of the total) can be neutralised by Soviet defensive action. Therefore, their planners might continue, if all the bases in the British Isles and western Europe can be knocked out by surprise attacks, the weight of the Big Stick is cut down seventy-five per cent. It might be fatally easy for them to proceed to the conclusion that the rest of its impact could be absorbed perhaps until Soviet ground forces had conquered all western Europe to hold it hostage, to prevent further nuclear assaults on their homeland.

The decisive factor in a calculation of this kind, it will be seen, is not the Big Stick itself but the ability of the Nato forces to defend the air bases from any form of surprise attack. The defensive ability includes such factors as early-warning radar, interceptor air wings, anti-aircraft guns and guided missiles, and ground troops for dealing with airborne attacking forces or the sudden assault of armoured columns dashing across a frontier to reach bases close at hand.

It may be contended that the bulk of these defensive capabilities should be the responsibility of our allies and not of American forces. There is sound logic in this view—except for one other important consideration. Part of the deterrent effects of our policy must lie in the degree to which we are able to convince the enemy that if he does such-and-such things he gets hit with the Big Stick. If he thinks we will not use it, we might as well not have it. Also if our friends and allies think we will not use it, they will not so readily go along with the idea that their own preparations should be keyed to the role of providing the defensive measures required by Nato policy: they will want to have Little Big Sticks of their own if they cannot depend on ours being swung in their behalf. The best guarantee for our friends and the best convincer for the enemy that any attack on our friends

involves immediate retaliation by the full force of United States power is the actual presence of substantial United States' ground and tactical air forces in such locations that they would be immediately involved in any Soviet assault on western Europe. Consider the character of the American decisions which must be contemplated: first, if the attack cannot be made without it being a direct attack on substantial United States forces, no American government could hesitate—the decision to strike back would be automatic; but if no United States forces were there, if the attack was purely on the forces and territory of some other country, it is possible to imagine political and economic conditions in the United States which might cause the Government of that day (whose political complexions and anxieties cannot be foreseen) to take time out to decide whether or not, in this instance, to use the Big Stick.

Thus a deterrent policy, as the major objective of our military expenditures, must include not only the striking forces which we have called the Big Stick, but also the means for making sure that under all conceivable conditions we shall be able to use the Big Stick so that there will be no chance for the enemy to indulge in any wishful thinking—which might result in his own and our destruction in an atomic holocaust. If overseas bases must be chiefly protected by people in whose territory they are located, we must nevertheless actively participate in that defence; we must, therefore, have a proportionate amount of the kind of fighting power necessary for this purpose, including ground troops. And, finally, we must also be able, on our own, to protect our home territory, bases, and industrial production against whatever kind and scale of attack we may consider the enemy capable of delivering: which involves an elaborate air defence establishment, a sound Civil Defence organisation, and the essential police and internal security forces against sabotage and subversion.

We cannot afford to permit the enemy to indulge in any illusions that he can, by any form of attack on our home territory, so reduce our offensive capabilities that he can absorb the balance. Nor is this all: for there is yet another enemy calculation which we must be prepared to counter. The enemy might, if he became sufficiently desperate, think in terms of absorbing our initial blows, provided he could be reasonably sure that they could not be sustained. Over a long period of time he might say to himself: 'Very well, the Americans can throw so-and-so many nuclear weapons at the U.S.S.R. Some of these will miss their targets, others will be turned aside or destroyed by our defensive measures. Russia will be hurt, but the Americans will suffer losses, too. As they go along, the Americans will have to build up their striking power as well as reinforce their allies in order to sustain their offensive efforts. Meanwhile Soviet armies will be advancing, both in Europe and the Middle East. Somewhere, sometime, either the Americans and their allies must find a means of stopping and rolling back that advance, or the Soviet will hold all the Eurasian continent: battered and atom-scarred, maybe, but ours to do with as we will'.

Lifelines of the North Atlantic Alliance

How much, the enemy might ask himself, can Soviet air forces, Soviet submarines, the considerable and little-noted Soviet mine-laying potential, plus sabotage, do to cut down, to choke off altogether the flow of American fighting power to Europe and the Middle East? The answer, if the enemy is to be deterred from taking chances, must be in discouraging terms. That means that our anti-submarine and ocean escort capabilities, mine-sweeping forces and other mine counter-measures, the security of continental and outlying naval bases and commercial harbours and those of our allies against any form of attack, must be sufficient to assure the safety of our overseas lines of supply: these lines, in war, become the lifelines of the North Atlantic Alliance. Here, again, a certain number of ground troops are involved: for one example, Iceland in hostile hands would be a threat to our sea-lanes of no small dimensions, and the defence of Iceland is in large part a matter of having enough ground troops there to toss an enemy raiding expedition back into the sea. In this case, the ground troops would have to be American; for Iceland has no army, and probably cannot (for political reasons) create one.

So our deterrent policy, considered simply as such, seems to demand a well-balanced establishment of air, naval, and ground forces in due proportion: though the percentage of ground forces may be somewhat less than we have hitherto deemed necessary. This, again, is what the New Look seems to contemplate.

But the deterrent policy is not everything, either. It might not work: and then we would have to fight and win a war. We must not forget

(continued on page 1097)

Korean Recovery: A Progress Report

By SIR ARTHUR RUCKER

I have just come back from a visit to Korea. I had been there for two years, from 1951 to 1953, but I think I had been long enough away to look at it with a fresh eye, and notice changes. I am glad to say that things appeared to be a little better. The people looked rather better fed, more cheerful. The facts that the war had stopped, that there was a first-rate harvest last year, were beginning to have an effect. And I was delighted to find that the work of the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency was making good progress. Unkra was actually set up in 1950 when we thought the war was about to end. But it

I found a textile factory and a man from Lancashire helping the Koreans, teaching them how to set up the machinery. There was room after room of bright, shining, new machinery which we had just sent out from Manchester (we had spent nearly £1,000,000 on it), and there was a really good modern textile factory which is going to save the Koreans a great deal of foreign exchange, because it is going to weave cotton cloth for them there on the spot. After that I went to a place called Suwon, where we had just finished restoring the agricultural college. The students were back again; the greenhouses were restored, and the little sample plants of rice and so on were just beginning to come up. At the other side of Seoul there was a big new factory going up where the printing presses given by Unesco will be installed within the next few weeks; they are going to print the textbooks for the Korean schools and universities. Then, down in Pusan, I went to see the big new vocational training centre we are building to teach some of the basic trades—motor repair work, electrical work, and so on: there were half a dozen big buildings going up and the equipment was just beginning to move in.

I do not want to pretend it is more than a beginning, or that every single scheme is going well: nothing in the world is perfect, and there were a few projects that seemed to me to be sticking. But the important point is that the United Nations have gone to work and produced a scheme for the recovery of a huge devastated area and the scheme is becoming—much of it has become—a fact. What we have to do in Korea is not to provide relief, but to restore an economy and a social life. Of course, there is relief going into Korea—most of it financed by the United States—but what Unkra is there to do is to deal with capital recon-

struction: restoring the mines and factories and trying to put the country's economy on a sound footing again.

When you begin to think what that means, you are confronted by a vast problem of priorities. Here is a country that has been completely destroyed; its towns, its houses, its buildings, its offices, its factories, its railways. Luckily, you cannot destroy paddy fields, but, even so, the irrigation works that feed

the water to the paddy-fields were often broken and ruined. What does a country need to put those things right? First, it needs to bring in all the materials for reconstruction: the cement, the timber, the glass, and so on. That means foreign exchange. Next, it has to find labour to dig and put the cement in and make the paddy fields good again. That introduces another complication, because the labour has to be paid for; and that means inflation; the labourers spend their money buying up all the rice and clothes they can. These things are in any case scarce, and up go the prices. So, to prevent the economy of the country



Rebuilding in Pusan, Korea, under the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency: in the foreground are old houses which are being replaced by the new brick buildings in the background

Right: Koreans with one of the brick-making machines imported by Unkra from South Africa to help in the rebuilding

went on for two years, and for two years we could do little but make plans. Now at last the plans are becoming reality—the windows are going back into schools, machinery into factories, equipment into hospitals; and the scale is satisfactory. We got out a map and we put a dot for every project Unkra had undertaken, and when we had finished, the map had smallpox—there were dots all over it—and this was not a blueprint; it was a fact.

I took a car from Seoul and drove round the country for about twenty miles. In the outskirts I came on part of the Korean army, under a friendly young lieutenant, with machines that we had bought in South Africa—simple things you work by hand. You fill them up with earth and cement, twist a handle, and there comes out a beautiful pressed earth brick or block, that you can use for building houses. All these Korean soldiers were busy twirling the handles and making blocks, carrying them to a site nearby and building them into Korean-style houses, with little hot floors (the flue of the kitchen goes under the sitting-room floor and warms the house in the cold Korean winter).

Next I went over to a village about twenty miles outside Seoul. There



suffering from this big capital reconstruction programme, you must also bring in consumer goods to put in the shops. This means that your need is a double one. You want foreign exchange to buy reconstruction materials, and you want consumer goods to support the labour force that has to use them.

To meet this double need we have agreed to pool our resources—the United States aid and what the United Nations are giving and the money the Koreans can earn for themselves, by their exports—tungsten, for instance—and by the sale of their services. We, the United Nations, are using our money mainly for the materials for reconstruction and the others are using theirs partly for capital needs and partly to buy consumer goods.

Where do you start on a programme like this? First, you have to see that people are fed and clothed and if possible housed, though the housing conditions are frightful; nobody has been able to do much about that yet. After the immediate needs, you have to try to set a priority in capital reconstruction. To give one example of this problem of what comes first: it is not much good bringing in timber and glass and cement if you cannot move it about the country to the place where it is needed. So one of our first bottlenecks was freight cars. Another problem was coal. Korea has a lot of good hard coal, but what is the good of getting the coal-mines going if the railways cannot carry the coal away? So there were some spur lines that had to be repaired and restored before we could even tackle the mines.

Apart from this sort of problem, what one tries to do first is naturally to re-establish the basic industries. In Korea they are three: agriculture, fisheries, and mining. They grew some of the best rice in the world, and they have wonderful fishing grounds, but a lot of the fishing boats were destroyed, their nets were gone, they had got no means of repairing their boats; so one of the high priorities was materials for building new boats, and for repairing the boats and nets. Then there are the mines—tungsten, gold, coal, and many other minerals—probably their best means of earning foreign exchange. These have to be re-equipped if Korea is again to be able to pay for herself.

In all this work, we and the Korean Government have always had one thing very much in mind: the need for education and technical training. When the Japanese were in Korea, they did most of the technical work. So there is a shortage of Korean managers and technicians. To meet this we have put a good deal of our money into schools—ordinary schools and vocational training schools—and into projects which will give opportunities for training and so be the parents of other projects. For example, when we began to think about restoring the health services, we saw that it was impossible, with the money at our disposal, to restore all the hospitals in Korea, they were in too bad shape; so we agreed with the Korean Government that the thing to do was to concentrate on the teaching hospitals. If we could get their hospitals and their schools teaching their young doctors and their nurses (the nursing services have been scanty and poor in Korea), then we would be making, long-term, the best contribution we could. We decided, therefore, to concentrate on the main medical teaching centres of Korea. So far we have really been able to tackle only one—Taegu—but at any rate we have now completely rebuilt the hospital and the school there. It is a good working hospital: there is nothing luxurious about it, we have not tried to build a show place, but we have tried to make a thoroughly sound, efficient job.

In all this I have been saying that *we* have done this and that. By 'we' I do not mean just Unkra: I mean the Koreans and the Korean Government too. They are doing the hard work of reconstruction and Unkra is trying to help. Even the plans are theirs, as they should be, for it is their country and it is for them to say how they want to reshape it. We can make suggestions, and do; but we are there to help—not to dictate how they are to rebuild a civilisation much older than our own.

Looking at the picture as a whole, the first thing that stands out is that, by and large, the great effort that is being made to reconstruct Korea is succeeding. There is a long way to go to reach our target, which is to make Korea self-supporting again at the 1947 standard of living, and, so far, we have made only a small beginning. If the state of the world remains such that Korea has to maintain a large army, she will go on needing proportionately large aid from overseas. But the economic problems of civil reconstruction are beginning to be solved. The techniques of recovery are beginning to be understood much better

than they were, and there has been nothing new or unusual in the economic problems of Korea, except the scale of them and the fact that they were all pressing at the same time. And we are not, of course, acting alone. We have tried to use all the facilities of the United Nations; and the three specialised agencies, Unesco, the World Health Organisation, the Food and Agriculture Organisation, all sent out teams to make reports for us and work with us. So, pooling all our resources, the job is being done, and if it is a success, I think it will be for some fairly simple reasons. We know what we wanted to do. We have good men to do it. And so far—but only so far—we have had the money.

Any government that joins the United Nations automatically undertakes to give a certain pro-

portion of the Budget, but Unkra is one of the three or four United Nations agencies which are dependent on what money the governments choose to give voluntarily, and this uncertainty does raise the most frightful problems in planning and foreseeing the future. We are assuming that our £100,000,000 programme will go through. So far we have raised about £35,000,000 from thirty countries and spent or committed all of it, except a small reserve. The United States, the United Kingdom, and some of the Commonwealth countries and the Scandinavian countries have given generously. But we do not know that we shall get the rest. And I do not believe it is much good for the United Nations—or anybody else—to set up an organisation like Unkra to do a job unless they can see their way to financing it right to the end. United Nations countries have all got their own budgeting problems—why should they take on Korea as well? Personally, I think there is an answer to that. Here is a country which has been battered to bits, and why? Why did we go to war there? Why were the Koreans massacred? Surely it was because we thought that if we had not resisted aggression there we should have been in for a world war and all the damage that had gone on there might have gone on nearer home?

If that is true, and I think most people would believe it is, what has really happened is that Korea has been sacrificed for us; and that is why it is up to us to put it on its feet again.—*Home Service*

The *Oxford Economic Atlas of the World* is a new economic reference book prepared by the Economist Intelligence Unit and the Cartographic Department of the Clarendon Press for the benefit of economists, geographers, and other students. It is published by the Oxford University Press at 30s.



Officials of Unkra discussing with representatives of Korean villages a proposed dam to store water for irrigating the paddy fields

The Soviet Experiment in Central Asia

By GEOFFREY WHEELER

THE Soviet experiment in central Asia is an experiment in grafting, an attempt to graft a new way of life and a new way of work on to peoples who have clung, and are still clinging, to their old way of life. In its aim, and also in its background, this experiment bears some comparison with similar experiments carried out within the western orbit. The Soviet Government wants to increase to the utmost the productivity of a vast area whose people have so far lacked the ability and the will to do this on their own initiative. Like those of other parts of Asia the people of central Asia are relics of older civilisations who seem to have lost their dynamism, their ability, as Arnold Toynbee puts it, to respond to a challenge. Most of the peoples now being experimented with, in the western orbit as well as in central Asia, have within living memory experienced annexation, occupation, or political domination by foreign powers. They have thus come into contact with modern scientific, economic, and political methods and understand their material superiority. Their conquerors, or self-constituted mentors, on the other hand, realise the latent resources of these hitherto unexploited countries.

Acquisition Arising from Trading Operations

The Soviet experiment in central Asia, which for the purposes of this talk should be taken to include the Soviet Socialist Republics of Uzbekistan, Tadzhikistan, Turkmenistan, Kirgizia, and Kazakhstan, became possible only as a result of the conquest and annexation carried out by Imperial Russia. In some ways the Russian acquisition of central Asia resembled the British acquisition of India. It arose primarily out of trading operations in an area which had to be defended against depredations from further afield, an area which was eventually extended.

It is important to realise that although the Tsarist conquest of central Asia prepared the ground for the Soviet experiment—a fact, incidentally, which the Soviet authorities now freely and deliberately admit—it was not the first stage in a continuous Russian policy. The Imperial Government seems, indeed, to have had no clearly defined central Asian policy other than a military one. They accepted events as they were forced on them by local commanders and administrators. They built towns and railways, promoted settlement and irrigation projects, and developed the cotton industry. But the policy of russification, which they have often been accused of pursuing, consisted principally in ignoring the native population to the advantage of Russian settlers and traders. They did not interfere with the people's traditional way of life and they did not even apply any form of military conscription until 1916. Here there are some points of resemblance to British administration in India. But the military and the subsequent administrative problems confronting the Russians were trivial by comparison with the British task in India. They were never opposed by organised armies; and they did not have to cope with teeming populations or communal problems. Moreover, they were not separated from their motherland by thousands of miles of ocean. The Imperial Government formulated no plans for the eventual grant of independence to the peoples of central Asia. Nor have those peoples since gained even a semblance of the complete independence now enjoyed by India and Pakistan.

But although there are some similarities of object and background in the Soviet experiment and those being conducted by the west, the means now being adopted by the Soviet Government are entirely different. I say now, because it is conceivable that in the early days of the Revolution the promises of independence made to the central Asian peoples were sincere. During and after the civil war, power was in the first instance wrested from the remnants of the Tsarist administration, or from the nominal rulers of such states as Bokhara and Khiva, by the native population. But the notion that the newly formed republics would in future be the masters of their own destinies was quickly dissipated. They are, however, still told that they have the right to withdraw from the Union if they wish, that they are self-governing, and that their culture is 'national in form and socialist in content'. How far these things are believed it is difficult to say, but I think it

probable that since the people have no contact with the outside world, they do believe that they are better off, more free, than the peoples of the Middle East and south Asia.

Perhaps the main difference between Soviet and western methods is that the subjects of the Soviet experiment have no means of comparing the pros and cons of their present existence with those of life in the outside world. Indeed, the only yardstick which they have is the older generation's recollection of life under the Tsarist regime when material conditions left much to be desired. The subjects of the western experiments, on the other hand, are open to all kinds of outside influences, including Soviet propaganda.

The second difference is in the matter of colonisation. Russia, and more particularly Soviet Russia, has practised colonisation in central Asia on a scale never attempted elsewhere by the west, with the possible exception of the Italian colonisation of north Africa. The comparison of central Asia with India is so common that it is worth mentioning that whereas the proportion of non-natives to natives in central Asia is not less than one to four, in India it was not more than one to 4,000, including the personnel of the British armed forces.

Last, but by no means least, is the difference in the cultural policies pursued by west and east. The replacement of traditional native cultures, the disparagement of established religions, the europeanisation of languages and the control of literature have never formed part of western imperialist policies or methods. The imperialist powers usually insisted on the use of their own languages for official purposes, and, in order to provide qualified native personnel for the civil administration, they insisted on those languages being made the medium of higher education. But education itself was not compulsory. In recent western experiments, and particularly in those of extending economic aid to completely independent countries, cultural regimentation, even in education, plays no part whatever.

The Soviet experimenters, on the other hand, make no concealment of their intention of virtually replacing traditional cultures with what is still sometimes called socialist culture but amounts in almost every respect to Russian culture. Thus, Russian science, art, literature, and language are represented as the best in existence, and the need for assimilating them is constantly emphasised. The association of the Russian people with those of central Asia is represented as the most important fact of the latter's history. Compulsory education up to the age of fourteen has been introduced. Although this cannot fairly be described as 'cultural regimentation', it involves the compulsory learning of Russian.

Abundant evidence of these differences of method can be found in Soviet publications, which also contain violent attacks on past and present western methods. What the west represents as toleration and regard for tradition and freedom, the Russians stigmatise as deliberate neglect and obscurantism. They claim that their methods are more altruistic because they have been more successful in raising the standard of living, as well as of productivity, among backward peoples.

Biased Reports

How is the Soviet experiment progressing? What are the prospects of its ultimate success or failure? These are questions which it is impossible to answer with precision. This, paradoxically, may be one reason why answers are so often put forward. Reporting on Soviet affairs is usually characterised by strong bias in one or another direction. Soviet supporters in the west find that everything in central Asia is going according to plan: output and the standard of living are high and getting higher; the people are healthy and happy; they love communism and the Russians; and they hate war and the capitalist warmongers. The anti-Soviet view is almost exactly the opposite: statistics of increased production are falsified; the people are oppressed and miserable; both communism and the Russians are hated; and the people are only awaiting an opportunity to throw in their lot with the west. Neither of these schools of opinion—it can hardly be called thought—is in possession of the facts because neither of them is able

to conduct any impartial investigation. Both of them are influenced by propaganda and wishful thinking: the first by Soviet and communist propaganda directed to the west; and the second by anti-communist propaganda and the reports of refugees and defectors.

Neither of these extreme views is borne out by the account of conditions in central Asia contained in Soviet publications intended primarily for internal consumption. This account is obviously neither complete nor conclusive, but it is worth careful consideration for two reasons: first, it represents an important source of detailed information on current developments; secondly, it deals realistically not only with positive achievements but also with the difficulties and setbacks, including native opposition, which the Russians are encountering.

Anyone who makes a close and objective study of Soviet source-material on central Asia will, I think, form the following opinion about present-day conditions: the Soviet Government exercises complete political control over the peoples of the five republics. The system of civil administration is the same as that applied in the rest of the Union, that is to say, it takes no account of traditional methods of government. There is no overt organised opposition to the regime, and official reports of the continuance of 'bourgeois nationalism' merely refer to smouldering resentment against innovation or to unwillingness or inability to acquire the new techniques. As the result of industrialisation, collectivisation, and mechanisation, there has been a great increase in the output of cotton, coal, oil, and copper. But the output of such potentially productive industries as stockbreeding is still comparatively low. Industrial planning and mechanisation have outstripped the available supply of qualified technical and administrative personnel. There is much inefficiency, corruption, waste, and labour indiscipline, all of which are admitted by the authorities.

Nevertheless the standard of living is as high as and in some respects much higher than in some of the neighbouring Asiatic countries. Earnings and savings have greatly increased, though the size of the latter is partly attributable to the lack of available commodities. There has been a remarkable increase in literacy, which is now much higher than in most Middle Eastern and south-Asian countries. The regimentation of literature, the attempts to discredit traditional heroes and to interfere with and break down traditional and religious customs are still resented and have made little progress. The vigorous and sustained efforts to elaborate native languages have had considerable effect. The younger generation recognises the Russian language and Russian technology as necessary stepping-stones to employment and advancement; but, generally speaking, the spread of Russian and Russian culture is hanging fire. On the whole, the Soviet authorities seem to be dissatisfied with their progress in the economic and cultural fields.

Abundant evidence to support this brief appreciation can be found in Soviet publications. There is no doubt some exaggeration of positive achievement, but this is partly balanced by the curious Soviet tendency to dwell upon shortcomings, a tendency which seems to spring from a mixed desire to excuse failure, to incriminate delinquents, and to incite laggards to further efforts. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this appreciation, but it would be foolish to imagine that the progress

so far achieved in the Soviet experiment has been any greater, and it would be dangerous to believe that it has been any less.

The ultimate fate of the Soviet experiment in central Asia seems to me to hang in the balance. The material progress so far achieved by the drastic means of segregation, colonisation, and cultural regimentation is considerable. But this progress falls very far short of the Soviet aims, and the question is how it can be extended—and whether this is to be with, or without, the willing co-operation of the people.

The importance attached to cultural regimentation suggests that the Soviet rulers believe that central Asia can be made not only to grasp the European know-how but to abandon its traditional and national prejudices and to adopt the Soviet, or rather the Russian, way of life and culture. It is the recent increase in emphasis on Russian hegemony which is difficult to understand. The nominal substitution of the communist for the Russian imperialist principle was at first welcomed by central Asia. Although early promises of self-determination were not fulfilled, it seems probable that the people derived some comfort from the illusion that they were no longer dominated by foreigners called Russians. The Russians' apparent readiness to risk shattering this illusion suggests a number of possibilities. They may genuinely believe that the central Asians will in time accept them as their 'elder brothers', that Russian will really become their 'second native language', and that they will shuffle off their former inefficiency. The Russians may, on the other hand, believe that the success of their experiment ultimately depends on the settlement in central Asia of more and more Russians, and that insistence on Russian superiority is a necessary safeguard against the Slav tendency to be absorbed by native populations. Finally, we may be witnessing a manifestation of that sense of mission which has always informed the Russian mind and which may no longer be fully satisfied by communist ideology.

The attractiveness of communism as a substitute for Russian imperialism has also had, and perhaps still has, a considerable vogue in the countries previously affected by fears of this Russian imperialism. How far these countries are aware of the new tendency towards russification in central Asia, I cannot say; but I do not believe it figures largely, if at all, in Soviet propaganda for the Middle East and south Asia.

Russian political control of central Asia, the propagation of Russian culture, and the presence of millions of Russian and other Slav settlers are facts. These facts have hitherto been partly camouflaged by the use of such terms as Soviet and socialism, but the clearer they become the less they tally with the principle of 'Asia for the Asians' to which the Soviet Government claims to subscribe. However the Russians regard themselves, there is not the slightest doubt that the Asians as a whole regard them as white men and as Europeans. From the Asiatic point of view, the Russians are as exotic as the western imperialists.

I have said that the Soviet experiment seems to hang in the balance. This does not mean that it is doomed to failure; but I think it does mean that to make it succeed the Russians may have eventually to adopt a policy and methods which are either more arbitrary than the present ones, or far more liberal. I do not believe that either of these possibilities can be ruled out.—*Third Programme*

The Hydrogen Bomb—V

The Hydrogen Bomb as a Deterrent

By SIR JOHN SLESSOR, Marshal of the Royal Air Force

EVERYONE must agree that the paramount problem before the world today is the elimination of the causes of war. Armaments are only a symptom of the disease—not the disease itself. It is less than a half-truth to say that an armaments race always leads to war. What really leads to war is when one side does not enter for the race—is so taken up with party politics or sectional interests that it turns its back on reality (as we did before 1939) and drifts into a position in which foreign policy is powerless for lack of strength to back it. The reason why, I believe, there will not be a third world war, is that this time the democracies have not made that mistake, but have had the sense and the courage to equip themselves with the terrible weapons of modern war.

Nevertheless, it is intolerable that, in an age when the wonders of science could be doing so much to meet the crying needs of the welfare

of mankind, the people of the world should have to live under this miasma of fear and squander their substance on this fantastic burden of armaments. It should be the primary interest and concern of every civilised man and woman to put an end to that situation and work for the day when, in Mr. Eisenhower's words, the miraculous inventiveness of man shall not be dedicated to his death but consecrated to his life.

'The problem of the reduction and control of armaments'—that was the subject which Mr. Attlee urged, in his motion in the House of Commons on April 5, should be considered by the leaders of Britain, the United States, and Russia. Please note, not the reduction and control of atomic or hydrogen bombs, but of all armaments. We should be crazy to agree to the reduction or abolition of that terrible arm in which the west can compete at least on equal terms—and I

believe on superior terms—with the communist third of the world, while leaving uncontrolled the arms in which our adversaries would have a decisive advantage. Mr. Attlee said 'Even if we come right down to the primitive weapons of our ancestors, there is still the question of numbers'. There is, indeed! How should we like to wake up one morning and find that the atomic and the hydrogen bomb had disappeared, and we were face to face with the docile, disciplined, expendable hordes of militant communism with their vast fleets of tanks and thousands of cannon? The Archbishop of York has recently reminded us that Britain without the bomb might become a satellite of a nation which possessed it. I would go farther. If the bomb were removed from the armouries of the world, we and the other free nations of western Europe might well become the satellites of nations who did not possess it, unless we were prepared to match them man for man, tank for tank, and gun for gun. If that were to be possible, our defence expenditure would have to soar into the stratosphere, our standard of living would collapse, and there would be no question of reducing the period of National Service: on the contrary, we should probably have to double it.

No, it never has and never will make any sense trying to abolish any particular weapon of war. What we have got to abolish is war. And, as was emphasised in the April debate, we cannot make the necessary new approach to world problems by discussing weapons; we must discuss causes. It is, of course, all very well to say that; it is another thing to do it. I cannot see how we can even begin to do it by the methods of what passes for diplomacy nowadays. The free nations, at least, must learn to concert a policy quietly and patiently between themselves, with the necessary give and take and mutual understanding, and without every smallest move in the game being instantly subjected to the white-hot glare of modern publicity. Only in that way can we hope for any effective discussion of causes—begin to eradicate the suspicions and mistrusts, the wants and hates and fears that really lead to war. But that is going to take a long time. Meanwhile we must and can rely on the bomb as, so to speak, a shield under which the forces of sanity can gradually assert themselves.

International Control and Inspection

When we reach the later stage of discussing weapons, as opposed to causes, I hope it will be common ground that the reduction of armaments first must be general, and not confined to any particular weapon, and secondly must be subject to effective international control and inspection. That implies a state of affairs in which every nation will give the agents of some form of world authority virtual *carte blanche* within its own country. As a matter of fact, if and when we arrive at an international climate in which such a thing is possible, all talk about weapons of any kind except policemen's batons would become irrelevant. But surely there is not the remotest chance of our getting to that point unless and until there is some effective form of world government. I do not mean to be cynical, but it is surely true that we have first got to breed the political horse before we hitch it to the military cart of disarmament. And that again is going to take time.

I am optimistic enough to believe that the existence of these weapons of mass destruction on either side will give us that time. At last, the public conscience of the world has woken up to the fact that what has happened is not just the invention of a bigger and better block-buster but a revolution in human affairs which has reduced total war as a method of settling international disputes to a suicidal absurdity. For centuries men have been trying to abolish war by agreement. War has now at last been abolished in the only possible way—it has abolished itself.

It would no doubt have been more comfortable for us if we in the west could have retained the monopoly of this terrible secret. But I do not think its possession by the U.S.S.R. has critically weakened its deterrent effect. Suicide is no more profitable or satisfying by being linked with murder. No one could possibly win. Winning a world war means creating world conditions more favourable to oneself than if there had never been a war. One could defeat an enemy—and the capacity of the free world to defeat Russia in the long run seems to me beyond question. But no one could possibly be better off. What would remain after total war would indeed be a broken-back civilisation.

In the April debate Mr. Attlee expressed doubts about the deterrent effect of the bomb. With respect to his great experience and superior wisdom, I think he would have been justified in taking a more hopeful view. In one respect he was undoubtedly right—when he said that

it is an illusion to imagine that the bomb would be used as a counter to some minor aggression, say by China on the Burma border. Certainly it would not, or should not. There has been too much loose talk about 'massive retaliatory power', giving the impression that the bomb is a sort of cure-all, a panacea for all evils. Of course it is not. It is no more suitable to deal with minor aggressions on the Burma border or the Persian border or even the east German border than was the British Fleet in the nineteenth century. It is lunacy to imagine that the cure for a small war is to blow it up into a big one. The free world must retain, for as long as may be necessary, enough of the right sort of forces to deal with limited aggression in a limited way; and we must have the courage to use them when really necessary. And the free nations of the west must build up the free nations of Asia and make them really free nations—give them something to fight for and something to fight with, as we gave India and Pakistan and Ceylon, and are giving Malaya.

Abolishing War as We Knew It

Meanwhile, what the bomb has done is to abolish the sort of war we knew in 1939 and 1914. That sort of aggression is unmistakable, though we well know that the decision to go to war in such circumstances is far from easy or straightforward. But when people assert that no democratic government would use the bomb, what they really mean, whether they know it or not, is that no democratic government would go to war in such circumstances. It is the profoundest illusion to imagine that another world war is possible without the bomb. No nation would admit defeat without using it.

What do people mean when they say we should not use the bomb? Are we to wait until our enemy uses it? I do not believe a great coalition can be knocked out at one blow even by the bomb. If I did, I should be more afraid of the mad dictator. But by taking that line we merely postpone the inevitable, throw away all chance of preventing war at the eleventh hour, and accept a grave disadvantage if it comes. Are we to wait till our European allies are overrun and our enemy is on the Channel coast? In that event he might not need to use it. But would we in Britain then allow ourselves to be deliberately destroyed, would America stand by and see her last defensive outpost overwhelmed, without using this decisive instrument of retaliation? I cannot believe so.

If ever we reached the dreadful point of war, allied statesmen would be faced with an appalling decision. We must make sure we never do get there. And the only way to do that is to be strong—to allow no hint that in the last resort we should not use every weapon in our armoury rather than become a communist satellite. If we do not falter, then we need not fear. It is profoundly true that, in Sir Winston Churchill's words: 'It is to the universality of potential destruction that we may look with hope and even with confidence'.

—European Service

DR. PERCY DUNSHEATH, Chairman of the Convocation of the University of London and of the Education Committee of the F.B.I., commented in 'Radio Newsreel' on the shortage of school teachers in science and mathematics. 'A few months ago', he said, 'a National Advisory Council stated that this shortage of graduate teachers constitutes a national problem. As an industrial nation we are completely dependent on the application of science. Our great industries, steel, electrical, chemical, and others, employ large numbers of men and women whose everyday activities demand a knowledge of chemistry, physics, mathematics, engineering, and the biological sciences. Even people not directly engaged in industry find that in modern life they are continually brought into contact with a thousand-and-one scientific applications. The Federation of British Industries has called a special conference of leaders, in both education and industry, to explore the situation and to find a solution. As a result, a continuing committee has been set up and, with three hard-working sub-committees, is now reviewing all possible solutions.'

The shortage of science teachers in schools is due to two interrelated factors: the general shortage of graduate scientists to meet all demands; and the competition of industry and the universities for the limited supply. Industry needs more and more scientifically equipped people, while the universities retain a large proportion of the best first-degree scientists for research or post-graduate courses and university teaching. The whole problem will be particularly acute during the next five or six years, owing to the increased birth rate after the war. Many suggestions have been made for meeting these problems: increased pay, deferment of national service, encouragement of more undergraduates to take up science and engineering at the universities. All solutions which hold out any promise will be examined and I am confident that a way will be found to meet the tragic situation which has arisen.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

After the Ball

THEY were dancing in Vienna in March, 1815, when the news reached the peace congress that Napoleon had escaped from the island of Elba. They were still dancing in Brussels when, on the night of June 15, Napoleon's forward troops had reached a point within twenty-five miles of the Belgian capital. The brief campaign that followed culminated in one of the decisive battles in the history of modern Europe. Sir Grimwood Mears has produced an illuminating sidelight on this battle by broadcasting a letter, written by a young Captain in the 7th Hussars who fought at the battle of Waterloo, which is printed on another page. Captain Thomas Wildman, the author of the letter, was invited to the ball given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond and had just dressed when the news arrived that the Prussians had been attacked by the French that morning and that the enemy had occupied a frontier town. The Duke of Wellington was also at the ball and quietly told his officers to slip away and repair to their posts. Next day took place the battle of Quatre Bras at which Wellington repulsed Marshal Ney. Meanwhile the Prussian General Blücher was defeated at Ligny. It was on June 18 that the allied armies were drawn up near Waterloo in strong positions to defend Brussels. Somewhat to Wellington's surprise Napoleon chose to make a frontal assault, aimed at piercing his centre. If Napoleon had won, the British Government might have fallen, the Low Countries been overrun, and Napoleon restored to full power in France.

Historians have given the credit deserved by the Iron Duke for his great part in the victory. British governments have a habit of disarming hastily after the ends of wars and the army that was scraped together to fight Napoleon was painfully inadequate (many experienced troops had gone to fight in America). Wellington regarded his army as 'infamous'. In those days generalissimos did not—or could not—direct their campaigns from the rear. Wellington galloped from end to end of his line giving the order for the final counter-attack, just as he had always been present on his chestnut horse, Copenhagen, to rally his men as the French assaulted his centre or right. 'It was no action of manœuvre, of turning a flank, etc.,' records Captain Wildman, 'The whole was sheer fighting and almost hand to hand'. Yet 'under any other man but the Duke of Wellington even British valour would have been unavailing'. 'The slaughter', Captain Wildman concluded, 'was terrific. I have heard that the Duke of Wellington was affected to tears and said that he never again wished to see a field of battle'. Wildman felt the same himself: 'There never was yet known such a battle and probably never will again. At least, much as I rejoice at having shared this, I hope I never may see such another'. Neither of them did.

Wellington admitted that it was 'a damned nice thing'—that is, the margin between victory and defeat. Napoleon himself in the evening had headed the last desperate charge by the Imperial Guards which attempted to shatter the unbreakable British squares. The allies afterwards let off France reasonably lightly, for they felt they had in this last campaign been fighting not the French but Napoleon, as afterwards we were said not to be fighting the Germans but Hitler. Wellington had been awarded £400,000 by Parliament even before the battle, a sum much more than its modern equivalent. We reward our Generals much less generously in these more democratic days. On the other hand, one takes leave to doubt (and the thought is reinforced by Captain Wildman's letter) that it can have been an 'infamous army' that repulsed the enemy's charges 'by sword and bayonet alone' and thus gave our troubled Europe peace for more than a generation.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the visit to Washington

SO FAR, THERE HAS BEEN little reaction from the communist world to the announcement of the forthcoming visit of the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary to Washington. Radio Moscow, quoting from the London correspondent of *Izvestia*, commented that:

The U.S.A. wants to strike a deal with its British partner to further its far-reaching aggressive plans. Only recently United States diplomacy acted behind Britain's back when it conducted talks with French politicians; now similar steps are being taken behind France's back.

The same radio, selecting further extracts from French newspapers, went on to suggest that the visit was indicative of France's declining influence on world affairs, that it was 'entirely unexpected by French diplomats' and that it was further 'proof of the breaking up of the *Entente*'. French opinion on the visit presents a divergence of views. The central radical *Les Echos* comments rather acidly:

Our allies are presenting us with a sort of ultimatum: either France overcomes her internal divisions or western policy after Geneva will be evolved without her by Britain and the United States. We have a week to give our answer.

The right-wing *Le Monde* says that it has always been the dream of Sir Winston Churchill to re-establish in peace time the dual leadership which existed between the United States and Britain during the war. Thanks to the absence of France, says the newspaper, and to the hesitations of President Eisenhower, the British Prime Minister today has a chance to reassume a dominant role in international affairs. In Sweden, the conservative *Svenska Dagbladet* calls next week's meeting 'one of the few pleasant surprises in international politics during recent months', and adds:

One topic stands out prominently: France and her attitude to the European Defence Community. Even London, which has continually soothed French fears of German rearmament, now realises that the question cannot be left in the air indefinitely. Apparently the Americans are all in favour of a bilateral military alliance with Germany, to be associated with but not a direct part of the Atlantic Pact.

An Indian point of view is given by *The Times of India*, which writes:

The solution lies not in emphasising Anglo-American differences, but in re-defining the objectives and methods to achieve them by a frank and authoritative exchange of views. Amidst the chaos and failure at Geneva there is clearly a danger—particularly in the United States—of surrendering to impulsive and extreme action. It is here that Sir Winston and Mr. Eden might be called upon to recommend a type of restraint alien to the American temperament.

The deliberations at the Geneva Conference are still one of the major topics of Soviet commentators, and the decision to break off the negotiations on Korea was criticised in a talk directed to Italian listeners. The speaker said that the sixteen powers which had made this announcement were those which

hiding behind the United Nations flag, conducted the aggression against the Korean People's Republic but were forced to conclude the armistice and, two months ago, to begin the negotiations in Geneva.

During those two months, the commentator went on:

The United States Government, Dulles in person and later his substitute Bedell Smith, made every effort to prevent an agreement being reached. From Seoul, the little quivering Syngman Rhee has daily reiterated his resolve to resume the war, and from every corner of the globe papers subservient to the United States have tried to convince the public that there was no need for negotiation, that there should be shooting or even atom-bombs and hydrogen-bombs. But public opinion remained unconvinced of this and will now learn with anger that the sixteen powers wanted to break off negotiations at all costs, while on the other side every effort has been made, every possible concession offered.

Touching upon Indo-China, and the proposals made by China and Viet-Minh for the cessation of hostilities and concomitant problems, Radio Moscow stated that the proposals provided for a peaceful settlement in that country, but it added:

It is obvious, however, that American propaganda continues its efforts to poison the atmosphere at the Geneva Conference. Vain are the efforts of the Western Powers to evade responsibility for not coming to an agreement because the whole world sees that the countries of the democratic camp are persistently striving for the restoration of peace in Indo-China.

Did You Hear That?

KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL

EVERY YEAR two or three thousand visitors to Rome make a pilgrimage to the house where Keats spent the last few months of his life, and where he died of consumption on February 23, 1821. The house is now preserved by British, American, and Italian funds as a memorial to Keats, and to Shelley, too, who was drowned the following year while sailing off the Italian coast near Spezia. ROBERT STIMSON, who is the B.B.C.'s Rome correspondent, spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Number 26 Piazza di Spagna', he said, 'is an unassuming little house of orange russet at the foot of the Spanish Steps, which flow like a cataract from the terrace below the Pincio Gardens to a square with a Bernini fountain in the form of a galley, whose splashing Keats could hear as he lay dying in his narrow room on the second floor. The merit of the room was that it had a fireplace, still preserved, on which his friend Joseph Severn, the painter, cooked for him when the landlady's food became unpalatable.

'The original furniture has gone, the nature of Keats' illness required that it be burnt after his death, but there are several things that recall the poet. The life mask and the death mask both showing the noble forehead and the strong mobile mouth. And a fragment of manuscript from the poem "Lamia" beginning: "For she was a maid more beautiful than ever twisted braid, or sighed or blushed". In the adjoining room which Severn used, is an ink portrait he drew of Keats at three o'clock one morning to keep himself awake, and beneath which he wrote: "A deadly sweat was on him all this night".

'Keats had been invited by the Shelleys to be their guest in Italy and Shelley had written: "Mrs. Shelley unites with myself in urging the request that you would take up your residence with us". But Keats was too ill to accept. Although Shelley never came to 26 Piazza di Spagna there are reminders and relics of him, too, for this is a memorial of both poets. There is the portrait, for example, that Severn painted after Shelley's death showing Shelley writing "Prometheus Unbound" in the Baths of Caracalla, and an urn with a fragment of bone snatched by a friend from Shelley's burning pyre.

'It was at the beginning of this century that a group of British and American admirers of Keats and Shelley decided to buy 26 Piazza di Spagna and install on the second floor a permanent memorial consisting not only of manuscripts and other relics but a collection of the poet's works in various editions. The library has grown until now its thousands of books and periodicals offer facilities rivalled only by those of the British Museum for the study of Keats and Shelley, as well as their contemporaries in Italy, Leigh Hunt and Byron.

'In recent months the memorial has been improved with new show-cases and bookshelves in rich walnut and with new curtains of crimson damask. Keats' bedroom, except for the original ceiling with its conventional bosses of yellow daisies, has been repainted. The books in the library are being re-catalogued. As for the poets' graves in the

Protestant cemetery here in Rome, they have been newly tended. That of Keats is engraved with the words he asked for: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water". And Shelley's with the lines: "Nothing of him that doth fade, but doth suffer a sea change into something rich and strange".

VISITING A PLUTONIUM FACTORY

'Near the rugged coast line of one of the loneliest parts of England's Lake District there are two towers, each more than 400 feet high', said DOUGLAS BROWN, B.B.C. reporter, in an overseas broadcast. 'They dominate a lovely stretch of countryside and farming area, with

sheep and cattle grazing on the hills. But these towers are far removed from farming. They are the chimneys of two atomic piles which in turn are part of a vast factory producing plutonium.

'This factory—it is called Windscale—is one of three factories given over to atomic energy production. Up to now it has been very much a "top secret" installation, although work on it started about six years ago; but within the past few weeks the Department of Atomic Energy decided that it would not be a bad thing to let people know, within limits, a good deal more of what goes on in a factory like this. I was one of a party to be taken over, one of the first journalists; indeed, one of the few outsiders to be allowed in.

'The main and lasting impression of the factory is its size. It spreads over nearly 400 acres. The pile buildings themselves stand on a concrete mat ten feet thick. The tour began at one of them, an immense square building with its tower looking for all the world like a temple of the atomic age. From the building comes a gentle hum, which turns into a crescendo as the doors open—a cascade of sound so great that you cannot hear a word anyone says, even if he shouts in your ear. This noise is made by

the fans that cool the piles themselves; fans each the size of a small bungalow.

'Next to the fan house there is what they call the forecourt of the pile; and there I saw the tall, grey wall of concrete enclosing the pile and protecting the outside world from the factory's most ferocious process. Inside the pile, in a kind of huge cauldron, to the accompaniment of untold heat and radio-activity, uranium undergoes what is called fission; and this is the first process of conjuring from it the precious plutonium; for plutonium is an artificial metal. It is more or less grown inside the piles. Outside the concrete wall the machinery looks gentle enough, blue girders and yellow handrails, and a pile of yellow boxes containing the uranium ready to go into the pile. But inside the pile itself the general manager of the factory, Mr. Davey, put it this way: "It would be a delightful understatement to call it 'lethal'".

'Before going into the pile buildings, I was given a white coat and a black-and-white badge, a badge with photographic film which goes black if you run into too much radio-activity. But this was a mild foretaste of the full protective drill that followed. Now, wearing rubber



The Spanish Steps leading into the Piazza di Spagna, Rome, with (right) the house where Keats died. In the foreground is the Barcaccia fountain by Bernini

boots and rubber gloves, as well as our white coats, we were taken up a steel gangway to a long, narrow pool. It had a sinister look about it—they call it a "cooling pond".

'Here the radio-active cartridges of uranium from the pile come by way of a deep-water channel, brought in a kind of underwater truck. At night the waters are luminous. "Yes", said our guide, "they are mildly radio active".

'Next to the pond was a building where we could not go. There, from a gallery overlooking part of the pool, workmen using underwater lamps and long handling tools take the naked slug of uranium from its can, and drop it into a heavy lead container. This they call a "coffin", and from there it goes to the separation plant, and that was our next port of call. Here in this plant uranium—uranium now containing some plutonium—undergoes long and complicated processes. In the end plutonium emerges, first as a liquid, and then as a solid. During the first part of all this, a good deal of radio activity is unleashed, and everything is done behind thick walls of concrete. Until recently it was believed that once the plant had been used it would become far too radio active for any maintenance to be done on it. But now scientists have managed to control this radio activity so well that men can go in; but they have to be protected by heavy plastic clothing, and oxygen equipment of the kind used by the Everest Expedition'.

CANNED RATTLESNAKE AS A DELICACY

'In spite of the dangerous nature of their prey', said FRANK LANE in a Home Service talk, 'a number of people in the United States make money out of capturing rattlesnakes alive. During one season in one part of Texas alone, five tons of snakes were caught and sold. There are a few full-time snake catchers, and there is an International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters with headquarters in Okeene (otherwise known as "Rattlesnake Gulch") in Oklahoma.

'Live rattlesnakes fetch about forty cents a pound or a dollar a foot. An expert hunter might catch forty, or \$100's worth in a day. The annual round-up at Okeene usually nets live rattlesnakes worth £600, but rumour has it that rattlers are brought in from Texas and released ahead of the hunters.

'Rattlesnake poison is used in the preparation of anti-venomous serum and in medical research. The skins are used as fancy leather, and the meat is eaten. "Canned rattlesnake" as it is called over in the States is fairly well known. It is made up in five-ounce cans and sells at \$1.50 to people who want a dietetic thrill. When it is roast, the flesh is said to taste like chicken. Live rattlesnakes are in demand for zoos, carnivals, snake shows, and pet shops. Some rattlesnakes have become tame enough to feed out of their owner's hand—and some owners have nearly died as a result'.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRAMS

'Trams', said JOHN C. HARTLEY in a North of England Home Service talk, 'are the only pure city-bred vehicles. They are not only in the city, they are of it. They cannot leave the city, and it would not look right if they did. Trams draw their power from the town supply, and with it also they light themselves up quite differently from any other vehicle on the road. The bulbs are just like the ones at home, and give a glow as yellow and homely as the front windows of a suburban street. A tram at night moves among the tall, lighted shops like one of themselves, upright and square-windowed, its single, dim apology for a headlight proclaiming that it never really needs to illuminate its own path. For the tram, like the shops, is content to stay where the street-lights are.

'Other things set trams aside from the hurly-burly of ordinary traffic. A bus is simply an overgrown car. It wears a licence and number-plate in recognition of the fact, and it bounces on rubber tyres on uneven roads. Trams do not bounce; they sway. And when they sway, strange things happen inside. All the panelling starts to move round separately to a rhythm of its own, sliding independently between shifting uprights. The glass of the windows surges restlessly in frames

which are rectangles one moment, parallelograms the next. Buses are built on a different principle. It is significant that when buses are towed, complete wrecks, to the scrap-heap after a few years, trams have to be moved by force, as good as new.

'I often wonder why trams were made in this singular fashion. The answer is, I think, that they are so city-bred, so like the shopping-centres they frequent, that, logically enough, they are actually built like shops. Trams are simply buildings on wheels. They are not designed by an engineer, as buses are, but by an architect. And not by any old architect either, but by one with definite leanings toward the Tudor period. Have you noticed how the upper storey of some trams sticks out beyond the ground-floor, so that there is hardly room between for two trams to pass? Trams are a piece of domestic architecture, and are maintained, not by garages and mechanics, but by armies of electricians, window-cleaners, handy-men, and plumbers.

'Having realised all this, I feel I am now ready to grasp the final truth about trams: the real reason for their gradual disappearance. It is this: they started to try to look like buses, and it just was not in them. They started being made solid and bouncy when they had nothing to bounce on. They were given two headlamps, with no outer darkness to dispel with them. Some even started having the back end different from the front. So trams no longer went erect among the shops as among equals; they skulked by, streamlined and curvaceous, their windows diminished in size and rounded at the corners. No longer proper trams, they can never be buses, and so they must perish'.

HOW TO GET RID OF WARTS

'In Belfast', said RONALD LLOYD in 'The Northcountryman', 'even today it is possible to read in the classified advertisements of an evening newspaper, "Wanted, someone with a charm for warts". I remember

an old farmer in County Down who "had the charm". He was the seventh son of a seventh son—and he never took a fee.

'But there are many charms which can be used by the patient himself without calling in "a man with a gift". One way is to transfer the warts to somebody else. Put into a little cloth bag as many pebbles as you have warts to get rid of and throw the bag over your left shoulder on to the road. Whoever picks up the bag will get your warts. Apparently people got wise to this and would not pick up the bag, so in some places folk always put a silver coin in the bag with the pebbles. Whoever keeps the coin will get the warts.

'One old north-country way is to go to a cross-roads, lift up a stone, touch your wart with your finger and then touch with the same finger the dust under the stone. Or steal a slice of bacon and touch your warts with it. Then put the bacon into a slit in the bark of an ash-tree and recite:

Ashen-tree, Ashen-tree

Pray to buy these warts from me.

'Lord Bacon, by the way, preferred to use lard; in fact, he induced the wife of the British Ambassador in Paris to rub his warts with it.

'There is a tremendous variety in the materials used. In the Isle of Man your best bet is to look for some wool which the sheep have lost and hang it on the first white-thorn you see, or sometimes clay from the boots of men who are carrying a coffin will do the trick.

'The charm I like best in my collection is this. You make as many little pellets of bread as you have warts to get rid of. These you place in a silk bag, and persuade a girl (who must have red hair) to sleep with the bag under her pillow for three nights. Then you put the pellets outside on a wall, and wait for a blackbird to come and begin to feed. You must allow the blackbird to eat only one pellet and then chase it away, and repeat the performance every day until all the pellets have been eaten. Each time you must repeat in a whisper the rhyme:

Blackbird, blackbird fly away,
Eating only one a day,
Come tomorrow, come again,
'Take my warts away, Amen'.



Rattlesnakes in a combat dance

Frank Lane

The Battle of Waterloo

A letter written by Captain Thomas Wildman, introduced by SIR GRIMWOOD MEARS

On June 19, 1815, the day after the battle of Waterloo, a young man who had taken part in it wrote to his mother. He was Thomas Wildman, a Captain in the 7th Hussars, A.D.C. to Lord Uxbridge (the Commander of Cavalry and Horse Artillery), and so in constant touch with him and the Duke of Wellington. His letter, sent from Army Headquarters at Brussels, has remained in the dark recess of a deed box until, on discovery, a copy was recently sent round the family. I learnt of it in this way and, believing it to be a document not only of wide general interest but of historical value, obtained permission to make it public.

In 1815, Captain Wildman was about twenty-seven years of age. Soon after leaving Harrow he got a Commission in the Hussars. He had served in the Peninsular Campaign, and at the beginning of June 1815 he was stationed within a few miles of Brussels. For many weeks, that city had been invaded, not by the French, but, as Mr. Arthur Bryant tells us, 'by the brilliant aristocracy of England'. By them and our Army it was transformed into a scene of gaiety and military pageant until the early hours of June 16, when the quiet retirement of officer after officer from the Duchess of Richmond's Ball gave the first warning of events that were soon to plunge the city into turmoil and terror.

Captain Wildman, rather naturally, begins his letter in a somewhat exalted style:

MY dearest Mother will I trust have received the hasty note I wrote by Lord Uxbridge's bedside last night merely to say that all her three sons are safe and well after the most tremendous battle that ever yet was fought.

The affair of yesterday was however complete and decisive and we may truly say of the Force opposed to us '*L'Armée Française n'existe plus*'!!!... I will now send you an account of a victory so splendid and important that you may search the annals of history in vain for the parallel. Nor is it only extraordinary in the effect it must produce upon the present state of Europe and the blow it has given to all Napoleon's expectations, but as a grand military affair it will probably for ever stand unrivalled and alone.

And, you are, my dearest Mother, an instance of very few indeed, who may enjoy the whole Pride and Glory of the Day without a cloud to darken or diminish the Splendour. But one only serious misfortune prevents me from saying that it was the proudest, happiest day I ever knew—but the loss the British Army will sustain in the services of Lord Uxbridge must be felt by all and you may conceive how much more strongly by me, who always admired and looked up to him as an Officer and have lately learned to respect, esteem and love him as a man. His conduct the whole day beggars all description. His arrangement, firmness and intrepidity surpassed what had been expected of him, and not in Cavalry movements and attacks only but he frequently rendered the most judicious and timely assistance in affairs of Infantry when any sudden danger was to be apprehended. The Field was literally three times lost and won. The fate of the battle seemed to hang upon a thread, both parties being well aware that defeat and destruction were almost synonymous, there being but one road to retreat and that of course blocked up with baggage, ammunition, wounded, etc.

Desperate Fighting by the French

The French fought to desperation, charging frequently to the very mouths of our cannon—three times they forced their way, both Cavalry and infantry into our position and were three times repulsed with immense slaughter by sword and bayonet alone. They commenced the attack about 11 o'clock and the battle lasted without intermission till past 9 at night. It was no action of manœuvre, of turning a flank, etc. The whole was sheer fighting and almost hand to hand.

Buonaparte commanded in person and had animated his troops by going down the ranks of the different Corps and addressing them during the morning. He headed the last attack in person, placing himself in front of his Imperial Guard and leading up to the very mouth of our guns. They did him ample justice and I firmly believe that under any

other man but the Duke of Wellington even British valour would have been unavailing. It was '*Vaincre ou Mourir*' on both sides and Wellington and England prevailed.

When the advantage was once gained, Vittoria was nothing to it. They fled in such disorder that all their cannon, ammunition, baggage—even Buonaparte's carriage, plate, etc., fell into our hands and it is said, he had himself a narrow escape. Jerome Buonaparte and Murat are reported to be killed and Bertrand to have lost his thigh.

In the interests of historical accuracy, I must now interrupt. Rumour, as always, was a lying jade. Neither Jerome nor Murat was killed. Bertrand certainly did not lose a thigh. Jerome Buonaparte fought throughout the day with conspicuous gallantry, survived, and in fact lived until 1860. Murat was not at Waterloo. He was endeavouring to conquer Italy on Napoleon's behalf. Bertrand may have received some injury, but certainly not one that incapacitated him. He went with Napoleon to St. Helena, a loyal servant, confidant, and friend, and remained with Napoleon until the latter's death in 1821.

But to return to Captain Wildman's letter:

I will commence my despatch regularly and shall not attempt to soften down for you, as I do not expect that I shall have many more battles to record.

It was always expected that the first affair would be desperate and sanguinary: The French have done their worst and if there should be more fighting, I do not think he would ever get them to stand again in the same manner.

Buonaparte had 160,000 men in the field, including 22,000 cavalry. The Duke of Wellington about 67,000 of which 30,000 only were British and Bulow's Prussian Corps of about 40,000 on our left, which did not get into action until very late in the evening.

The Duchess of Richmond's Ball

On Thursday the 15th we rode over from Ninove to Brussels to a ball at the Duchess of Richmond's and were just dressed when news arrived that the Prussians had been attacked in the morning, their outposts driven in and that the enemy had occupied the frontier town of Binch. We went to the ball, where the Duke of Wellington and Lord Uxbridge had a long conversation, after which we mounted and rode back to Ninove. From thence orders were sent to assemble the whole of the cavalry and Royal Horse Artillery near Enghien. There I met Lord Uxbridge, who immediately sent me on to Braine-le-Comte and, not finding the Duke there, I proceeded to Nivelles. It was then about four o'clock and I heard a considerable firing in front to which point I made accordingly and found Belgian and Dutch troops engaged in a village called Quatre Bras about five miles on the road to Namur. Two English Divisions had been sent for and I was immediately despatched again to bring up all the cavalry and another British Division from Braine-le-Comte. There I met Lord Uxbridge and returned with him to the scene of action which was beginning to get very warm. Our infantry had arrived and the action lasted till dark when the French were repulsed at all points and retired, leaving us masters of the field. This affair was obstinately contested and the Lanciers charged our solid squares of infantry several times and when repulsed with loss by one, wheeled about and attacked another. The Guards suffered considerably and the Highlanders received a charge of the Cuirassiers—repulsed them and destroyed the whole squadron. Our Cavalry did not arrive till after the action was over which was not until 10 o'clock at night except for Sir John Vandeleur's Brigade of Light Dragoons with which Lord Uxbridge showed a front and kept the enemy's Cavalry in check. In this affair the gallant Duke of Brunswick was killed by a grape shot, in whom the Army has sustained a severe loss. They made some show of attack about 3 a.m. on the 17th which is soon after day-break but, again, all was quiet till 11, when the Duke of Wellington received intelligence that the Prussians had repulsed the attack made upon them the day before but that during

the night the enemy had made a dash upon their centre with a large Division of Cavalry and taken or destroyed an immense number and 24 pieces of cannon. In consequence of which Marshal Blucher found it expedient to retire. This, of course, rendered the same movement necessary on our part, in order to form the junction and act in concert with the Prussians.

Retreat Covered by Cavalry

All our Cavalry had come up during the night and when the arrangement was made to retire, the cavalry were ordered to cover the retreat. This movement commenced about 2 p.m. with the infantry and artillery and lastly the Cavalry moving off towards the left, so that the 7th being the right regiment covered the whole. When the infantry were all gone the French began to move and soon after advanced with an immense column of Cavalry—the Lanciers and Cuirassiers in front—three regiments of each. We skirmished with them till we had passed the village of Genappe, when they advanced so strong that it was thought necessary to charge them. This fell to the 7th and Major Hodge moved down with his squadron supported by the two others. The Lanciers were however so wedged in the street of Genappe and with so large a column in their rear that they were obliged to stand at all events and our squadron not making any impression were repulsed. When we retired, they pursued. Some men were killed and wounded. Major Hodge, Elphinstone and Myers were made prisoners. John Wildman and Peters were also taken and stripped of their pelisses, belts, money, etc. Just at that moment the 1st Life Guards made a most gallant charge and drove the Lanciers in confusion in which time the two young gents caught a couple of spare French horses and made their escape.

We manoeuvred and cannonaded with this cavalry all the way to our position in front of Waterloo and at about dark, they retired. I sent John, who was bruised by his horse falling, to Brussels by which he missed being in the action yesterday but is now perfectly well and gone this morning to join the remains of the 7th in front.

The letter concludes with a well deserved eulogy of the gallantry and initiative of Lord Uxbridge. To Lord Uxbridge personally the day ended in disaster, for, towards the close of the battle, his knee was shattered and amputation became necessary. Captain Wildman, devoted to his Chief, gives a moving account of the cheerfulness and fortitude with which Lord Uxbridge faced this calamity. But first he describes the inferno of Waterloo:

Yesterday morning the 18th, all appeared quiet till about 11 when the enemy was perceived advancing in full force.

Buonaparte had reconnoitred our position himself and harangued his troops telling them that in spite of '*ce Villaintop et cet Orange*' he would be in Brussels by night. You may imagine the spirit and confidence he felt when such a person would condescend to a pun.

General Count Cambrón, who commanded his Guard in Elba (one of the new peers) and his own personal orderly officer are among our prisoners and they gave the account to Sir Neil Campbell, their old acquaintance, who told me of it.

His plan was to force the centre of our position and so cut off the communication between our Army and the Prussians, thus (as the *Brussels Gazette* expresses it) 'to carry out one of those decisive blows which have made his military reputation'. Our Armies were in position—the British in front of Waterloo—the right towards Braine and the left towards Wavre, where General Bulow's corps was posted which lately arrived from Liège—Marshal Prince Blucher being at Gembloux. A Cannonade commenced about 11 and the French fought hard to carry a small village and wood on our right, but failed. About half past 12 the action became general. Our ground was high but open and our infantry were obliged to form squares and receive the charge of French cavalry who attacked them in the heart of our position. But their firmness and courage were unshaken and everywhere prevailed.

The Life Guards and Blues distinguished themselves particularly and charged and overthrew the French Cuirassiers several times. Our Light Cavalry was frequently engaged with the Lanciers and I believe there was no part of the Army which was not perpetually under fire and such a terrific fire as the oldest officers declared they never before experienced.

Three separate times, I believe, all hopes were given over by everyone except the Duke of Wellington, who only said 'We will beat them yet before night'.

Their cavalry and infantry were *en mêlée* with our people, some of our guns in the midst of them and in our own position but were driven back again with enormous slaughter.

Just about sunset they were preparing a last effort of attack when Lord Uxbridge brought up Sir Hussey Vivian's Brigade supported by Sir John Vandeleur's Brigade in a second line. They moved immediately from the front of the position and formed a line on the brow of the hill whence they charged down upon the enemy, taking two squares of infantry and a column of cavalry on their way. Our infantry rushed down also, the Prussians closed in on the left.

General Vandeleur's Brigade cut up those that were dispersed and the rout became general. A panic seized the enemy in every direction and they fled on all sides, deserting their artillery, throwing down their arms and each man thinking only for his own preservation. Our cavalry and the Prussians joined in the pursuit, the latter continued it the whole night, giving no quarter.

It is said the British have taken 150 pieces of cannon and the Prussians 60, making 210 in all. All their material, ammunition, stores, baggage, even Buonaparte's carriage. The slaughter was terrific. I have heard that the Duke of Wellington was affected to tears and said that he never again wished to see a field of battle.

I must now again revert to that which throws a damper upon what would otherwise have been the most glorious, most satisfactory moment of our lives. Just as Sir Hussey Vivian's Brigade were going down to the charge, Lord Uxbridge was struck by a grape-shot from the enemy's guns on the right knee, which shattered the joint all to pieces. I did not see him fall and went on in the charge and soon missed him and found Seymour taking him to the rear. Lord Uxbridge told me immediately that he must lose his leg and then began conversing about the action and seemed to forget his wound in the exultation for the victory. When the surgeons examined it, they all agreed that it would be at the imminent danger of his life to attempt to save the limb. Lord Uxbridge only said, 'Well gentlemen, I thought so myself. I have put myself in your hands and, if it is to be taken off, the sooner it is done the better'. He wrote a short note to Lady Uxbridge saying that if he had been a young single man he would have probably run the risk but that he would preserve his life for her and his children, if possible. During the operation he never moved or complained: no one even held his hand. He said once perfectly calmly that he thought the instrument was not very sharp. When it was over, his nerves did not appear the least shaken and the surgeons said his pulse even was not altered.

He said, smiling, 'I have had a pretty long run, I have been a beau these forty-seven years and it would not be fair to cut the young men out any longer' and then asked us if we did not admire his vanity.

I have seen many operations but neither Lord Greenock nor myself could bear this, we were obliged to go to the other end of the room.

Thank God he is doing as well as possible. He had had no fever and the surgeons say nothing could be more favourable.

The Army and Lord Uxbridge

I began this on the 19th, the evening we brought Lord Uxbridge here on a litter. This is the morning of the 21st. He has had it dressed for the first time and the surgeons' report is as favourable as ever. His steady firmness and calm courage of his disposition will assist his recovery more than anything. The regret of the Army is beyond bounds. Infantry and cavalry all saw him—all admired him. How he escaped with life I can scarcely imagine. He was everywhere in the hottest fire. When the day was doubtful, he cheered and assisted the infantry and I saw him, and was by him, when he put himself at the head of a Squadron of Cavalry and charged a solid mass of their infantry. The fire was terrific and destroyed many—the rest would not go on and he rode on and struck their bayonets before he turned and yet escaped. It was hard to have him wounded at the last after so many escapes.

Sir John Elley, one of the bravest soldiers and as good an officer as ever lived, is here with three stabs and a sabre cut. When I went to see him he cried like a child in speaking of Lord Uxbridge and said that though he rejoiced that his valuable life had been preserved yet the loss to the British Army was irreparable. His emotion was so great that I was obliged to leave him for his own sake after trying in vain to change the subject.

The loss on our side has been immense but the enemy's army is annihilated. There never was yet known such a battle and probably never will again. At least, much as I rejoice at having shared in this, I hope I never may see such another.

I must again remind you of your own singular good fortune who have three sons in a regiment which was particularly engaged and as you will see by the Gazette has suffered pretty considerably and yet all safe.

John was not in the great action. Edward was everywhere and has been remarked for his conduct. He had three horses killed under him, yet escaped without a wound. I was slightly hit by a musket shot in the boot early in the day but no bone broke and so trifling that it did not take one a minute from the field.

I long to see the Gazette.

Adieux—you had better enclose your next to the Earl of Uxbridge at Brussels.

With best love to Mary,

Believe me,

Your ever truly affectionate son,

THOMAS WILDMAN

P.S.—Three eagles are amongst the spoils. Elphinstone saw Buonaparte before the great action, who spoke to him for some time very civilly and, on going away, said to an officer, 'I desire you will treat these officers well in every respect, as British officers deserve'.

The wish expressed by Captain Wildman that he might never see such another battle was granted. He returned to England and, in 1817, married Louisa Preisig of Appenzel in Switzerland. He had been a close friend of Byron at Harrow and a frequent visitor to Newstead Abbey.

Byron left England in 1816 and, two years later, Wildman bought the Abbey for 90,000 guineas—the price mentioned by Byron in a letter to his publisher and friend John Murray. The Abbey was in a ruinous dilapidated state and before it was fit, in Wildman's opinion, for the reception of his friends, he had spent not less than £100,000. These two considerable sums and the income necessary to live in a style befitting Newstead, came from the possession of large estates in Jamaica, and the Abbey was, until his death in 1859, the centre of many a distinguished gathering.

Amongst his papers are several letters from the Duke of Sussex, the son of George III, referring with affection to the Abbey, described as 'that hospitable, ancient and venerable mansion'. For Wildman he had the warmest feelings, signing himself 'very affectionately and sincerely yours'. In one only of his letters is there a gleam of humour, when, on sending kindly messages to Mrs. Wildman, he calls her 'The Abbess'. His signature must be taken on trust. It resembles eighteen inches of tangled string. More interesting and more legible are letters from Washington Irving, Lytton Bulwer, Tom Moore, and many others.

A calendar of the 'felon prisoners' at Nottingham Assizes shows Wildman to have been High Sheriff in 1821. He was ultimately promoted to the rank of Colonel. At the time of his death, the unforeseen fall in the value of West Indian properties made it necessary for the family to sell Newstead. To Wildman himself, except in the denial of a son, fate had been kind.

—Third Programme

Is U.S. Television Killing the Movies?

By ALISTAIR COOKE

LAST Monday evening* something happened on Broadway that used to happen every night during the war. The lights went out. The week before an air-raid siren went off in mid-town. It is, I think, a symptom of the general gloom about Geneva, and the feeling of helplessness over Indo-China, that these two events could occur to me at the same time; and that the air-raid siren, though it made only a few people duck for cover, caused many to say: 'I guess this is how it will come'.

It turned out that they were only cleaning the siren, lubricating its pipes, so to speak. But I have not truthfully said what happened on Broadway. The lights didn't just go out. We had a brownout. During the war, this was a nightly reminder that the carefree sparkle of Broadway and its pleasures was dimmed, or ought to be, for the duration. At eight or nine o'clock every evening the big neon advertising signs—what are called in the trade 'spectaculars'—and the illuminated movie titles, sometimes a block long, went out. All that were left were the marquee lights, the regular street lights, and illuminated signs immediately under the theatre marquees or in the lobbies. It was a sober sight to us, though it used to impress visiting Britons fresh from the blackout as that blinding light which will precede the Day of Judgement. They used to stagger around in Times Square trying to get their bearings, until the effect of the brownout had worn off. Their normal vision was never restored until they got on to the side streets or up dark alleys.

The brownout last Monday had nothing to do with air-raid precautions; it was a protest put on by the theatre owners and people in the movie business against an extra five per cent. amusement tax which the City of New York was about to impose on them. Since then the City Council has passed the tax and it looks as if it will be tagged on to every theatre ticket after July 1. This is in addition to the ten per cent. amusement tax imposed throughout the country by the Federal Government. This is purely a New York City tax. The theatre people, the movie men especially, say that a levy of fifteen per cent. on their business is just about enough to bankrupt it. That could be pardonable hysteria in a prosperous time, but the main point is that New York City is the showcase for all the new movies. A good deal of the selling power of a movie is built up in a long New York run. And the presumption—which may not have been tested—is that it is mighty impressive to the folks in Little Bend, Idaho, to hear that they are about to have the chance of seeing a movie that ran sixteen weeks at the Radio City Music

Hall in New York. The theatre owners (by which I mean movie theatres) say there won't be any long runs in New York if this tax goes on. In fact, they expect there will be the most disastrous falling-off in movie attendance.

All over America this has been a pain and an omen to the movie industry. Since 1950, the paying audience for movies has been going steadily—at first violently—down. It is now down by about thirty per cent. The horrendous novelty of 3-Dimension, so called, gave the industry a brief shot in the arm last year, but 3-D now sounds as much of an old slang phrase as the 'flapper' or the 'New Look'; and the same trend has re-established itself again: fewer and fewer people are going to the movies. This in a four-year period in which the national income is higher, the number of people in jobs greater, than at any period in American history.

The effect on the professional movie colony of Hollywood is striking to anybody who looks beyond the popularity and the income of, say, fifty or sixty stars. Feature players who have been doing nicely for ten, or even twenty, years suddenly do not appear any more. There is a lot of doubling up of casts, and economical commuting of actors between studios. About fifty per cent. of the writers on long-term contracts have been fired, and there has been a general paring-down of technical crews, and rehearsal time, and costs.

The men who run the industry are loath to identify the villain of this strange situation, and are almost suspiciously insistent that television is not the whole story. But they do say the whole story, implying that television is an awful pain in the exchequer. It has not been possible, until this last winter, to measure just how formidable the competition of television is. Because last summer and autumn the transcontinental network for television was completed. The most striking novelty of the American landscape today, to anyone who knows it pretty well, is a little box about as big as a prairie schoolhouse. These boxes are trim and white and you see them every thirty miles, as rhythmic as telegraph poles, as you cross the country, whether you go by the south, the three middle routes, the two northern routes across 3,000 miles. They are the microwave repeater stations, that pick up and carry the television image into the laps of the next section of the people. The result last season was that the number of television sets in this country jumped from about 19,000,000 to now over 30,000,000—one set for every five people, or two sets for every three families; covering 252 stations. We used to think—and, unhappily, the movie boys used to think—as late

as three years ago that it would be years before people in the Rockies and the Sierras and the desert would have television. Everybody had movies, but now everybody does not have movies. Last year, small suburban movie houses started to close in many big cities; then the main movie houses in many more small towns.

The 'Saleable Little B-Films'

We may be going along on a false assumption here, on the oldest logical fallacy, which says that because something happens after something, it happens because of it. However, when the movie people try to defend themselves or keep their courage up, they nearly always slip into saying that if only Hollywood will make better and better pictures they can easily compete with television. My own view is that the best movies lie outside the argument. Television is not going to interfere with the audience for 'From Here to Eternity' or 'High Noon': an interesting point by the way is that television in New York is not holding back the crowds for 'Genevieve', which is now in its third month at a theatre that does not often boast of such successes. But any studio that makes one 'From Here to Eternity' or one 'Genevieve' in a year is pretty proud of itself. Hollywood did not come to great richness because of one or two smash-hits. The movies that kept the black ink flowing in the account books were the saleable little B-films, which might be nothing as art but were entertaining enough for a lonely bachelor, a weary cowboy, a couple on their night out. But now people do not have to get dressed and stand in line for this sort of entertainment. And it seems to me the biggest threat of television to the movie industry is that people can now stay home and see bad movies.

It may be dangerous to generalise from the habits of one's own friends, but I have done a brief galloping poll among people of very different sorts. And without quite rationalising their habits, they say that it has to be a very special, a much praised, movie, to get them out and paying money into a box office. If you then say, 'So you've stopped seeing movies', it comes out that, on the contrary, they see as many, if not more, movies than they have ever seen. But they see them on television. If you are a merciless inquirer, as I know you would want me to be, the significant fact comes out that a lot of people are very hazy indeed whether the movie they saw last night on television was in fact a movie or a live play acted in the studio.

I have been associated in the past two winters with a television programme which gave a great deal of energy and skill to learning the peculiar needs of plays and acting and direction for television. One Sunday we set the whole of Ravel's 'Mother Goose' suite to a sort of play or fantasy. We had barrels of actors, playing all the characters in the 'Mother Goose' tales—we had a spry little Hop-o'-My-Thumb, and an even spryer turtle, which got loose and then got tightly tangled up in a mesh of cable. We had many scenes, some taking place in an underwater tank—well, they were not exactly taking place in a tank, but they looked that way. They were on a stage simulating the ocean floor; then the cameras add a ripple effect and it looks like an underwater scene. We had several sets that are known as matting areas. These are sets of several levels, draped entirely in black velvet. Hop-o'-My-Thumb, for instance, stands at the top of a flight of stairs against a black curtain. One camera photographs him. Another camera photographs fish in a tank, and ocean vegetation, and a toadstool. Hoppy (let's call him) jumps from the top of the steps on to a box or platform. The two images are synchronised before you see them, and it looked as if Hoppy was hopping from a rock on to the toadstool. I remember it took about three hours to get the platform at exactly the right height so that Hoppy's feet didn't seem to have gone through the toadstool. I remember that all the other weird and tricky effects which had to be caught right the first time, in forty-five minutes, and which looked fine and dreamlike on the screen, practically killed our crew for a week.

Howl of Pain

The next morning, a friend said to me, 'Say, that was a really knockout movie you had on yesterday. Who made it for you—Disney?' This remark set off a howl of pain from anyone who had worked on the show. But the more acute howl of pain, it occurred to me afterwards, might well come from Hollywood. And now, to add to these troubles, in the past six weeks, millions of people from coast to coast have had at their elbows an incomparable mystery story, a gripping trial, a hilarious entertainment, and a first-class political brawl—all in one, and on tap twice a day, from ten in the morning to twelve thirty;

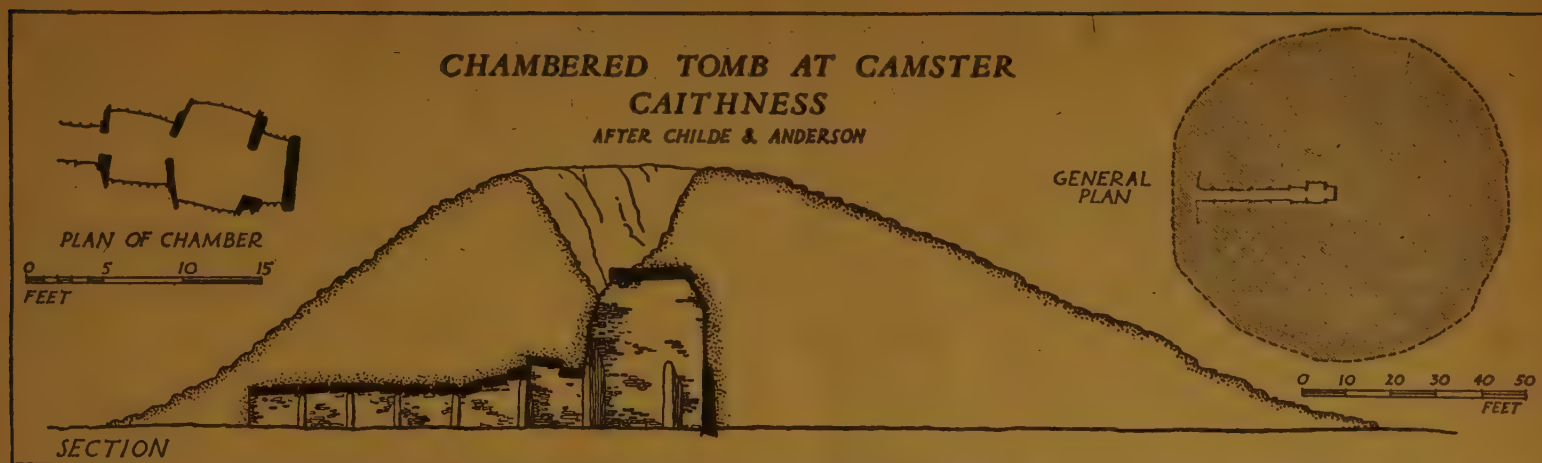
then from two till five thirty. I mean the investigation which Senator McCarthy's committee is holding into his row with the Army. You may doubt the truth of the phrase that people had this 'at their elbows'. Don't Americans do any work? Yes, indeed, but not since the Baseball Championships in October have so many people got married, so many mothers been sick, so many grandmothers died—that's the way the office staff tells it. And somehow, in the unlikely offices, television sets have sprouted or been hired. The secretaries bring their lunches in, and claim an early lunch hour in order to catch the last hour of the morning's proceedings.

There are no television programmes conceived in the imagination which can hold a candle to these hearings. And by now we know Mr. Ray Jenkins better than Spencer Tracy, and the Army's counsel better than Mr. Micawber, whom he might well be. The country has come to see and hear Senator McCarthy for six hours a day in motion, in anger, in sarcasm, in righteousness, and in anxiety. The result has been—from public opinion polls—that there has been a heavy decline in the numbers of people who are for him and a big jump in the now sizeable majority that is agin him. But, whatever the political results, it is hard not to watch him. For he is a first-class actor, and it is an awesome thought that his permanent fame may come to rest not on the few or many communists he may throw into gaol, but on the fact that he threw Gary Cooper and James Stewart out of work and Hollywood into bankruptcy.—*Home Service*

Since Miss Heather Jenner, author of *Marriage is My Business* (William Kimber, 12s. 6d.) started her Bond Street Marriage Bureau in 1939, she has mated just over 5,000 couples, an output—if that is the correct term for a business so specialised—of over one marriage a day. Of these marriages only three, so far as the statistics go, have ended in divorce, a far lower proportion of failure than that achieved by the methods of natural selection, propinquity, passion, and pregnancy. For this Miss Jenner claims no credit except for the perfection of her professional system. To register as a client you must make a down payment of five pounds, which will entitle you to an unlimited number of introductions. This membership fee eliminates the licentious, since for less than that sum the libertine would secure the satisfaction of his desires and there is notoriously no stickier wicket for the profligate than a woman who has invested a fiver in matrimony and whose supply of suitors is extensive. (There are 2,000 on her books at any one time, the principal shortage being men in their fifties and sixties.) Fortune hunters are eliminated by the Jenner questionnaire and their subscriptions are returned.

Miss Jenner mates people as a business, but like all good marriage brokers she knows that merely to bring the couples to the altar is not enough. The true success lies in their happiness after. Miss Jenner started business when she returned to this country from Ceylon, where her father was O.C. troops. She had seen the appalling mistakes made by British stationed abroad coming home to find a wife, without having contacts and the time to make a wise choice. She inevitably attracted, of course, a far wider clientele, the shy, the lonely, the busy, the handicapped whom she welcomed, to say nothing of the fortune-hunting and the odd, whom she rejected. What is startling is the degree to which her Bureau is used by parents of the middle and upper classes who wish to find suitable mates for their children. They can no longer afford the parties, the dances, the hospitality which formed the background for marriages in the days when the disposal of marriageable daughters was one of the strong impulses of social life. Five pounds to Miss Jenner for enrolment and twenty more after the ceremony is over: it's a bargain. All Miss Jenner's clients are 'runners'; those expensive 'non-starters', the eligible bachelors who go to every party but haven't the slightest intention of getting married, are ruled out. And Miss Jenner's judgement in the selection of mates is clearly so much better than that of parents. She is careful to emphasise that the matches which she makes are, despite the fact that she nets fifty pounds on each of them, love matches. It is quite understandable that they should be. There is no sense of urgency, if you are on Miss Jenner's books. Mr. 'John Paul' met forty-eight women desiring marriage before he found the woman he had been looking for all his life. His life is blissfully happy, except that he sometimes wonders pensively what the forty-ninth would have been like.

Miss Jenner's business is 'strictly confidential', which means that what she allows herself to say about her clients is less interesting than what she does say about those she did not take, the smart, attractive girl, for example, who was so shy that even Miss Jenner could not mate her. She left for a long course of psychiatric treatment in which her inhibitions were removed. On her return to the bureau, she demanded an 'adventurous man' and was given an explorer whom she reduced to a state of collapse after one wild evening at the night-clubs. Miss Jenner advised a limited restoration of inhibitions, but the client, deliriously free, went off on her own and found what she had been looking for in a nudist camp, a Czechoslovakian doctor who had no inhibitions at all.



Illustrations from 'Neolithic Cultures of the British Isles', by Stuart Piggott

Neolithic Cultures of the British Isles

By GORDON CHILDE

THE first colonisation by farmers of British land, of land as virgin as Canada or Australia when first settled by Europeans, is the central theme of Professor Piggott's new book*. Only 5,000 or even 4,000 years ago the British Isles were still covered with shaggy forests; there were no tilled fields nor grassy pastures; no sheep nor cows were grazing on the downs, though huge wild oxen roamed among the woods. Sparse and scattered bands of mesolithic savages hunted and fished among the forests or gathered a precarious livelihood along the windswept coasts.

But wheat and barley, sheep and milch kine had to be introduced

Piggott terms the Windmill Hill culture after the camp near Avebury—'culture' is here used in the technical archaeological sense, to denote the totality of the surviving results of a community's behaviour, though sometimes an inattentive reader might think the author was using the word as equivalent just to pottery style. These colonists then spread along the route of the later Icknield Way into East Anglia and thence to the Yorkshire wolds across the Fens that were not fens then at all. Eventually families from Yorkshire spread on the one hand northwards across Scotland to the shores of the Moray Firth, on the other across the Pennines to the west coast and so by sea once more to northern

Ireland. But by this time other groups of colonists, characterised by the custom of building distinctive kinds of chambered cairns to serve as family vaults, had landed on the estuaries of the Clyde and the Severn. From the Clyde settlements, daughter colonies were subsequently planted in northern Ireland, where they must have found some farmers from Yorkshire already established. These three groups at least had preserved enough of their ancestral traditions of potting and of funerary ritual to betray their continental origin by reproducing here pot-forms and tomb plans that are familiar on the Continent.

But we can recognise in neolithic Britain other communities whose equipment and behaviour

from abroad—by boat-loads of colonists from across the Channel. They must have come immediately from France and would naturally settle first on the chalk downs of the south. Peculiarities in their hand-made pots and in their burial practices suggest further details to the author's discerning mind. The documents from which the story can be extracted are mostly fruits of recent discoveries. Twenty-five years ago we knew nothing of the lives of neolithic Britons, though we did know something about their deaths; the long barrows in which they slept with their fathers have been familiar for over a century. Dwellings of the living were unknown till 1927; then Thurlow Leeds of Oxford discovered a settlement site at Abingdon and Alexander Keiller began excavating the famous 'camp' on Windmill Hill near Avebury. An astonishing amount of reliable information has been accumulated since then, either by systematic excavation or by an understanding scrutiny of unsightly scraps in museum cases. The material thus gathered, sifted, and classified, suffices for a lively picture of the colonisation and of its results.

Three or more streams of primary colonisation are here distinguished. The first brought to southern England what

cannot be matched so well anywhere outside these islands. Many indeed of their tools can be regarded as derived from those used by the mesolithic hunter-fishers whom the primary farmer colonists found here on their arrival. The resultant cultures Piggott terms 'secondary neolithic', in the sense that they represent 'the assimilation



Windmill Hill pottery



Peterborough pottery

* *The Neolithic Cultures of the British Isles*. By Stuart Piggott. Cambridge University Press, 70s.

of neolithic elements by the indigenous hunter-fisher mesolithic population after the first impact of the intrusive immigrants in the entrance phase of colonisation'. This concept of secondary neolithic cultures is perhaps one of the most fruitful ideas in the book and, as applied to Britain, it is novel. For the latter reason its applications in certain cases may puzzle the reader. For instance, one style of pottery, so-called Peterborough ware, that serves to define one of our secondary neolithic cultures, is so like that made by secondary neolithic groups in Sweden that Piggott inclines to regard its appearance here as 'an indication of settlement in south-east England of people, arriving by sea from Scandinavia and sharing with the later mesolithic inhabitants they encountered on arrival a common ancestry and many common traditions in stone and bone working'. On the other hand he elsewhere suggests that two of the most distinctive traits of the primary neolithic Windmill Hill culture—the construction of causewayed camps and the technique of dressing skins illustrated by curious combs of stags' antler found in such camps—might be 'due to intermixture between the intrusive agriculturists and indigenous hunter-fisher peoples'. The juxtaposition of these passages might suggest that the primary Windmill Hill culture and the secondary Peterborough culture were almost equally intrusive and differed chiefly in the direction from which each intruded. That would, of course, be an exaggeration.

I quote this instance just to show how complicated the neolithic colonisation must have been and how uncertain the details still are. Tracing folk movements by archaeological data is always a tricky business, especially when they involve sea crossings. But prehistory is not an arid record of migrations, though some books on British prehistory might give that impression. Piggott makes no such mistake; his actors, having been brought across the sea, acted on the British stage; they laid the foundations of a distinctively British type of culture, owing its rich originality to the variety of traditions, drawn from diverse quarters, that were blended in it. The primary neolithic colonists created a way of life and a rural economy adapted to our insular environments. Indeed they began to adjust these environments to their needs by clearing patches in the virgin woodlands for pastures and corn plots. The author insists—and he is surely right—that their choice of land was not restricted by inability to clear forests, as some writers have been inclined to suggest.

The primary colonists did, in fact, select the land best suited to their way of securing a livelihood, and that was doubtless cattle keeping. It may be recalled that earlier writers had inferred, largely from the good condition of the teeth of those buried in long barrows, that neolithic Britons were pure pastoralists and practised no sort of agriculture. That was a mistake. Grain rubbers from neolithic camps, grain impressions on pots and actual cereals, show that corn was grown in neolithic Britain from Sussex to Orkney and to Limerick. Yet stock breeding was the more important aspect of neolithic farming. Piggott indeed gives convincing grounds for thinking that the celebrated neolithic camps, like Windmill Hill itself, were not fortified villages—no houses have been found within their ramparts—but rather communal cattle kraals. He can give a lively but well-documented picture of the autumnal round up of the herds grazing on the downs, a regular massacre of the young beasts it was found impossible to carry over the winter, great feasts on the resultant veal and the conversion of the hides into articles of clothing.

If the primary colonists were the first to open up primeval forests to pasture and tillage, secondary neolithic groups initiated overland and even maritime commerce. Axes were in great demand for forest clearance. Flint is a splendid material for the manufacture of axes and there is plenty of it on the chalk downs, in East Anglia, and on the wolds. But even there to obtain nodules big enough and fresh enough to be turned into axes it was necessary to mine; primary neolithic communities dug the shafts and galleries of Grimes' Graves and Cissbury with antler picks and bone shovels. But for tree felling some fine-grained stones are almost better than flint, though far from common. Particularly suitable rocks outcrop in Great Langdale in the Lake District, at Penmaenmawr in north-west Wales, and at two places in Antrim. Luckily these three rocks can be confidently identified in



Drawing of an antler-comb found at Windmill Hill

microscopic sections. A great number of stone axes from museums all over Britain have recently been sectioned and examined by geologists. The results are astonishing: axes from the Great Langdale factory were exported to Cornwall, the Channel coasts, eastern Yorkshire, Scotland, Man, and Ireland; products of the Penmaenmawr factory were dispersed almost as widely in Great Britain; Antrim axes reached Kent, Gloucestershire, and the Clyde coasts.

The distribution, if not the extraction, of these tools was in the hands of secondary neolithic folk, particularly those who made Peterborough ware. It may be worthwhile remarking incidentally that the Swedish secondary neolithic folk whose pottery is so like our Peterborough ware engaged in very similar commerce; in their skin boats they transported stocks of axes, made from south Scandinavian flint, right to the north of Sweden. So their role in the British axe trade may be an additional argument for considering the makers of Peterborough pottery immigrants to Britain. But that is by the way: the importance of the British axe trade is rather that it must have prepared the way for the trade in Cornish tin and in Irish copper and gold that by 1500 B.C. had already made the British Isles a manufacturing region exporting for an international market—in fact as far as Mycenaean Greece and Minoan Crete.

Thus, primary and secondary neolithic folk initiated the process that has eventually made Britain a great food-producing and manufacturing country. But the most permanent impression on our landscape has been made by their less mundane activities. Those still imposing monuments of primeval piety, the long barrows and chambered cairns, were reared by primary neolithic farmers; after 4,000 years they are still conspicuous and picturesque landmarks on the downs, the Cotswold ridges, the coasts of Scotland, and the Irish moors. But the site of the most celebrated prehistoric monument in Europe, Stonehenge, was consecrated by secondary neolithic communities. Some of these at least regularly practised cremation and often buried the ashes in little cemeteries surrounded by a circular ditch and bank. Several such enclosures were revealed by air photographs near Dorchester-on-Thames and were subsequently excavated by R. J. C. Atkinson: in fact, his results have been largely instrumental in crystallising the concept of secondary neolithic cultures so fruitfully developed by Piggott in this book.

The earliest sanctuary on the site of Stonehenge is just such a circular enclosure. It is what archaeologists call the Aubrey Circle because in 1666 John Aubrey observed the ring of ritual pits incorporated in it. It did, in fact, serve as a cemetery for cremated remains, though it need not have been built for that purpose; and relics appropriate to secondary neolithic cultures have been found on the bottom of the ditch that surrounds the circle. To this extent Stonehenge is certainly neolithic: the upright stones with their lintels and newly discovered carvings are, of course, later. Equally neolithic is another puzzling group of monuments—I refer to the cursus near Stonehenge, in Dorsetshire, the Thames valley, and elsewhere.

The British Bronze Age

But how old is neolithic? What does it mean in years? Our book's subtitle—'a study of the stone using agricultural communities of Britain in the second millennium B.C.'—may come as a shock to many; for it implies that the primary colonisation did not take place till 2000 B.C., while many of us were brought up to think of the Stone Age—even the New Stone Age—extending back 10,000 years. No prehistorians believe that now, but Piggott's date is perhaps a little too low. It is only a guess obtained by reckoning back from historical dates in the succeeding Bronze Age, dates given by that trade with the east Mediterranean to which I have already referred. Pieces of jewellery reputedly made in Britain have been found in princely graves in Greece and Crete that can be dated about 1500 B.C. The rich chieftains' graves of Wessex, in which the same ornaments occur, must then be as old or a little older. But such Wessex graves sometimes contain also ornaments or ceremonial weapons of a kind fashionable among secondary neolithic communities. To that extent secondary neolithic culture lasted long enough to make contact with the developed Bronze Age of Wessex.

But this was not the beginning of the Bronze Age; simpler metal weapons and ornaments are found in earlier graves associated with skeletons of a distinctive round-headed type and no less distinctive pots termed beakers. These Beaker folk were invaders and their invasion has been taken for half a century as marking the beginning of the British Bronze Age. Piggott does not describe the Beaker folk

among 'the stone-using agricultural communities of the British Isles', but some communities that he has described did preserve neolithic traditions intact after the invasion. This change of nomenclature, the admission that some cultures, legitimately described as neolithic, survived till 1500 B.C., tells us nothing about the length of the neolithic age nor the date of the colonisation that initiated it here. Can five centuries contain not only the landings of the first colonists and their spread to the extremities of Britain and the rise of secondary neolithic cultures but also the Beaker invasions and the rise of a metallurgical industry in Ireland?

The impact of the neolithic colonists on the mesolithic natives in Britain must have been comparable to that of European settlers on

similar savages in South Africa or North America; it must have produced a clash of cultures such as disturb colonial administrators even today. Time was needed for elements in the population with such contrasting economies to reach a *modus vivendi* that would allow indigenous hunter-fishers to absorb elements of neolithic culture from the intrusive colonists and the latter's chieftains—to quote Piggott—'not infrequently to acquire from mesolithic groups a wife who was a leather-worker skilled in the ancient crafts of her own people'. Till some physicist comes along with a radiocarbon date we archaeologists may debate about the tempo of this first stage in the humanising of Britain. Of that process itself Professor Piggott has now given an authoritative yet vivid account.—*Third Programme*

The Achievement of Delius

By SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, Bart.

DURING the past seventy years no composer has aroused so much discussion as Frederick Delius. There seem to be no half-shades of opinion about his music. One either admires and loves it, or despises and condemns it. There are manifold reasons for this sharp separation of conviction on the two sides. But the principal one is the almost underivative character of the music and its rejection of virtually the whole of the traditional methods in composition which prevailed roughly between 1700 and 1875.

With regard to what I have termed the underivative side of this composer's genius, I do not mean to suggest that he is wholly independent and self-supporting. No similarity can be made between him and that useful, but perhaps unfortunate, animal the mule, of whom it was once said that he enjoyed neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. In his earlier works there are to be found, as in those of every other composer who ever lived, slight traces of the influence of his elder contemporaries. But these are purely incidental and he never wrote a single piece, even at the beginning his long career, of which it might be said that it was in the style of another. It is this high dissimilarity to any other music known to us that has been the greater stumbling block both in the adequate performance of it and its wider reception by the larger public, of all countries. Yet, in spite of this disability, there has been generated in the two chief Anglo-Saxon communities a by no means inconsiderable minority of devotees. This fortunate consummation has been effected mainly through the media of the gramophone and the radio, and it is possible to assert that this substantial minority has been increasing annually during the post-war period. One therefore may be justified in claiming not that this is the music of the future but rather that there is a future, and perhaps a big one, for this music.

The guiding force behind everything that this man wrote was the influence of nature. No musician before him or since has been or is so closely in communion with all the outward manifestations and inner significances of that part of the universe which was not made by man. Music for the past 250 years has largely been an urban affair, and has concerned itself with the utterances and practices of those who live in cities and towns. Its origins lie in the dance and the song, both of these, in the hands of the greatest composers, a highly sophisticated matter. But Frederick Delius placed the daily doings of his fellow creatures against the background of a larger and more mysterious

world. This does not mean that his music is in any way de-humanised. On the contrary, it is informed with a romance and a passion that is none the less potent for being delivered with less rhetorical emphasis than that of other composers.

One of the main criticisms directed against him is that there is too much sameness of mood in nearly all that he has written. This is partly true, although the same can be said of many other men of genius,

including Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, and so on. But the keener ear, which it is a pleasure to note is being developed in the present younger generation, can distinguish a hundred subtle differences in his interpretation of the endless shades of the great world of nature. This variety is perhaps most recognisable in the largest work he ever wrote outside his operas, 'A Mass of Life', of which a recorded version was recently offered to the public. Someone might ask why 'A Mass of Life'? The answer is that it is wholly concerned with existence in a living world, in apposition to that which in the ecclesiastical mass is conditioned by beliefs inherent in the promise of a life to come. The whole work is an affirmation of the joys to be found in man's span of life on this planet and on no other. That much of this joy is won by serene contemplation of the outer beauties of the universe, be they rivers, mountains, sunrises, or sunsets, does not invalidate its argument for pleasure of an exalted kind. The composer rejects any suggestion that human happiness is necessarily dependent upon feverish excitement and hysterical uproar. In the fourth number of the second part of the work, the principal character, the philosopher, Zarathustra, is heard to say 'My soul, how little thou needest to be happy'.

Everyone is entitled to express his own opinion upon any work of art, be it a piece of music, a poem, or a picture. All criticism is nothing but the personal view of one very fallible mortal, and I may therefore, by reason of my long association with this composer, be permitted the indulgence of declaring my own faith in him and my admiration for the greater part of his achievement.—*Home Service*

The B.B.C. has published *British Broadcasting, A Bibliography, 1954*, price 1s. In a note Miss Florence Milnes, the B.B.C. librarian, says that 'This bibliography . . . covers books published in this country on sound and television broadcasting, excluding those on engineering subjects. A select list of articles in monthly and quarterly periodicals, the more important debates concerning the B.B.C. in both Houses of Parliament, and all official publications relating to the B.B.C. are included'.



Frederick Delius in 1911, when he was forty-nine

From 'Frederick Delius', by Clare Delius (Nicholson and Watson)

Opera Libretti at Their Worst

By SIR GEORGE STUART ROBERTSON

SINCE Metastasio ceased to deliver every morning with the milk, so to speak, libretto after libretto to composer after composer, the hunt for suitable libretti has been ardent and continuous and the result of the chase has often been a pretty mangy booty. Verdi, for instance, in his early and middle periods, was served by several Italian librettists, who drew their stories from Schiller (too much Schiller), Hugo, Gutierrez, and other sources, and there is only one first-rate libretto among all their efforts, that of 'Rigoletto', and when Verdi got it he promptly produced a masterpiece. But he was able to write good music even when the text lapsed into sheer drivel, as in 'La Traviata':

*Il tuo vecchio genitor
Tu non sai quanto soffri,
Tu non sai quanto soffri,
Il tuo vecchio genitor*

In other words,

Your poor old progenitor
You don't know what pain he felt,
You don't know what pain he felt,
Your poor old progenitor.

I fancy that 'genitor' sounds just as ridiculous in Italian as 'progenitor' does in English.

And that brings me to English libretti, and it is a sorry story until we come to quite recent times. During most of the nineteenth century the trade of supplying libretti was in the hands of people like Edward Fitzball and the 'poet Bunn', as Alfred Bunn was ironically called.

*Let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain,
This breast expanding for the ball
To blot out every stain.*

That is a specimen of Fitzball from 'Maritana'. Here is one of Bunn, a prayer from 'The Bohemian Girl':

*Thou who in might supreme
O'er the fate of all reignest,
Thou who hope's palest beam
In the mourner sustainest,
Vouchsafe to lend an ear
To the grief of the wailer,
Cut short the dark career
Of the ruthless assailer.*

Even great English poets seem to succumb to the contagion. Thus Dryden, in 'King Arthur':

*If you will not fairly be enjoyed,
A little honest force must be employed.*

If one seeks unconscious humour, one should peruse the texts of Handel's oratorios and the oratorios of the nineteenth century. In 'Solomon' we find: 'Shall I see my infant gored With the fierce relentless sword', and 'Blest the day when I was led To ascend the marriage bed'; Handel enhances the effect, if I remember rightly, by allotting three notes each to 'led' and 'bed'; one seems to hear the lady bleating as she clammers up the bed-steps. And in 'Belshazzar': 'Behold the monstrous human beast Revelling in extensive feast'. And I remember with particular pleasure a duet between Jacob and Joseph, in Sir George MacFarren's 'Joseph', in which Jacob sings (ingratiatingly), 'A coat', then Joseph (interrogatively) 'A coat?' then both of them (enthusiastically) 'A coat of many colours'. Someone in Sir Julius Benedict's 'St. Peter' observes: 'Oh that my head were waters'. There was no need for any of the writers of these English libretti to utter this hydrocephalous desire for water on the brain.

Let no one suppose, however, that the British have a monopoly of foolish libretti. Other countries have shoals of them. I will make only one citation from the opera which was what the German middle classes really used to admire and may still admire, 'Der Trompeter von Sackingen' by Victor Nessler. This is its most famous song:

*Behüt' dich Gott, es wär' so schön gewesen,
Behüt' dich Gott, es hat nicht sollen sein*

It sounds very like a child's exercise on the German auxiliary verbs.

But if the way of the librettists is hard, that of the translator of libretti is still harder. The former is writing for as yet non-existent music. The latter has to fit his words to music already composed. He must combine musicianship with literary ability and the combination is rare, except in people like Professor Dent. The prevalence of the feminine or double rhyme in Italian and German, and to a less extent in French and Russian, drives the English translator to all sorts of shifts. In one instance, I remember, they are most successfully tackled by a clergyman named Browne in a version of Cornelius' 'Barber of Bagdad', which was used by the Royal College of Music in 1891 and appears in the published vocal score.

But here is a terrible example: 'küssen' has several useful rhymes in German, but 'kissing' has few in English, and at least one of them is unsuitable for a love song. So we find 'Ja ich werde sterben müssen', followed in the next line, of course, by *küssen*, turned into: 'I shall die, yes, soon be missing'. Another lover, American I suspect, conveys the idea that his heart is already engaged in these words:

*There is a prior selection
To whom I owe affection.*

Unfortunately I have forgotten the Italian original, but I would wager that the lines ended in 'oggetto' and 'affetto'. The young man was evidently of the same opinion as Mephistopheles in a version of Gounod's 'Faust':

*There's nought more doleful in Nature
Than an old unmarried creature.*

The rhyme of 'prior selection' and 'affection' reminds me of the scene in 'The Flying Dutchman' between Daland, Senta's father, and the Dutchman, called affectionately in the libretto 'The Dut':

Daland to the Dut:

*Say, stranger, have I thee deceived then,
When I portrayed my daughter's charms?
Admit, my friend, thou'st me believed then
And found an end to thy alarms.*

Then comes the

Stage direction:

'The Dut gives a sign of satisfaction'

Then:

Daland to Senta:

*And now, my child, to him attend with kind affection
Thy care he well deserves—a worthy friend is he.
And to become his wife, if thou hast no objection,
With me he shall remain, thy husband he shall be.*

It may be remembered that Daland's own objection, if he ever had one, has been removed by the sight of a chest of pearls and other valuables belonging to the Dut, as he says:

*A treasure worth a father's blessing
A wealthy son-in-law will be*

and, even more ecstatically:

*Oh heaven, am I waking or dreaming
Could fate not more propitious be,
With one urging offers so seeming
My daughter must surely agree.*

Observe the curious pronunciation of 'propitious' and the odd use of 'seeming' to mean not apparent or ostensible but, perhaps, obvious or seemly. Such is the tyranny of the double rhyme, which produces a perfect avalanche of present participles and turns the translators' jargon into something very like Basic English. By the way, before leaving the Dut, I should mention that another translation makes the helmsman take a seat by the rudder, a damp and unhealthy spot even for a hardy Norseman. It was due to a slight misapprehension of the German 'Ruder', which here means the tiller.

The opposite situation to that of Senta and the Dut is displayed by Violetta and Alfredo in 'La Traviata', where the latter sings:

All her estate this woman
On me for love expended
I blindly, wrongly, blamably
All at her hands accepted.

And thereupon, undeterred by his defective rhyming, he flings at Violetta a purse containing about half of what she had expended on him.

Another kind of fury is displayed by Henry Ashton in 'Lucia di Lammermoor', when his sister Lucy proposes to marry Edgar, who has saved her from what is described as an 'impetuous bull'.

A deadly raging fury
Thou hast aroused within me
Too fatal, far too horrible
Such a suspicion must be
My heart it freezes in my breast
My hair stands on my brow
My hair stands on, my hair stands on my brow.

To quote Mephistopheles again:

Such an eye dark with blood enkindles not appals me.

Poor Raoul in 'Les Huguenots' has quite enough to put up with without being plagued by the translator of that enormous, sprawling work.

On all sides death and conflagration,
The priests look down with indignation,
Blinded by infatuation
Everywhere they slaughter urge.
The wife her baby nursing
The maid her prayers rehearsing,
None can hope to gain salvation
'Mid the waves that surge.
Shall we then behold all unimpassion'd
This blood that to Heaven is crying!
They're on this relying.

Hitherto I have said nothing about the translators of Wagner's later works. It would be unkind to criticise too severely the earlier translations, even though they perpetuated such monstrosities as when a giant in 'Das Rheingold' thought Wotan was too slow in cashing up, he

complained 'Pay fails to appear'. They have been superseded by something much better. I will therefore content myself with giving an example from 'Parsifal' how not to do it:

Gurnemanz:

Yet noble doth seem thy birth and highly born thou
Then tell me why did thy mother give thee a weapon so unworthy?

Kundry:

No father he when his mother bore him
For in battle kill'd was Gamuret.
From like and early hero's death her son protecting
Strange to arms, from all men, she safely reared her boy there.
A fool she.

You will observe Kundry's superfluous statement that Parsifal was not the father of Lohengrin or anyone else before he was born, and the numerous inversions forced upon her by the translator.

Talking of inversion reminds me that the librettist of 'Madame Butterfly' christened the hero, Lieutenant Pinkerton of the United States Navy, with the very appropriate initials 'B.F.' The English translator charitably inverted them to 'F.B.'

Sometimes one almost wonders if it is worth while to translate opera into English at all. When someone in Goring Thomas' 'Esmeralda' sings 'Now go to bed', an English audience cannot help laughing, though probably the words are no more absurd in themselves than 'Va te coucher' or 'Zum Bett'. Somehow English seems grotesque in recitative, and elsewhere, at any rate to my ear, it is much more inaudible than any other language in which one hears opera. At a recent performance of 'Salome', the only words I managed to hear, apart from proper names, were Narraboth's introductory remarks, Salome's assertion that she was neither hungry nor thirsty, Herod's well-merited observation about the peculiar behaviour of the moon and Herodias' retort that it was just the old Covent Garden moon. All I could do was to replace in the singers' mouths such parts of the German text as I remembered. As far as I was concerned, they might just as well have been singing in Choctaw.—*Third Programme*

Three Poems

The Obituary

There was too little there. Lucidity
was less a blessing than he tried to think
it was, for what he saw was but the brink
of vital energy, as if the 'the'
of words (those circles much too easily
described) became the magic lasting link
between reality and dream, a drink
to buy.

Of course he found some truth, a tree
whose branches gave a sort of shade. But more
than that he never knew and always failed
to reach the pleasure-dome, the store
of golden days he longed to know. He sailed,
instead, a hollow sea where art was held
to be an answer. Yet he was impelled.

DWIGHT SMITH

Evolution

Anemone, wood violet,
Primrose, bluebell and celandine—
These capture in their larger net
This lesser net of mine.
Here poetry's singing order starts
That in word posies now would bind
Such precious, patterned scattered parts
Of Universal mind.

Yet these would flower if no one cared
To pause and think and wonder why
Gems of immortal love were shared

By bee and butterfly
And lowlier, wingless things of clod
Before man came in thoughtful mood
To link their beauty with his God
And hymn his gratitude.

HUW MENAI

English Film

It was one of those modest comedies, calculated
To raise a reluctant titter in the savage breast
that hated England—
About a humble tom-fool making good; some four or more
Young girls, quite fetching though quite fully dressed;
a villain who didn't really mean
To be, whose guns turned into children's playthings;
Some views of London streets in sunshine, with those
buses so peculiarly clean—
It twitched discreetly at the world's strained heart-strings.

Outside a ragged wind is blowing off the Yodo River;
Along the tidy consulates the flags are jerking,
Sick for home. Thinner than ever,
The nimble women furl themselves in their kimonos,
As twilight thickens into yellow, yellow with the dusty
Dead of an over-peopled country, thick with the lurking
Solicitations of a country too rich in girls.

Yet we walk in our inner weather—
Unsolicited and sudden, the memory of kindness uncalculated,
In some half-dozen lands, unrelated by blood or colour,
Unimpelled by gods or goods. Is there really no room
to live together—
This side the cinema, this side the windswept tomb?

D. J. ENRIGHT

NEWS DIARY

June 16-22

Wednesday, June 16

Geneva Conference holds another private session on Indo-China

President Eisenhower comments on Sir Winston Churchill's coming visit to Washington

Herr Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, arrives in London for short official visit

Thursday, June 17

French National Assembly, by 415 votes, elects M. Mendès-France Prime Minister

Prime Minister tells Commons that a Chinese Chargé d'Affaires is being sent to London

A White Paper announces that the Colonial Service is to be replaced by a new organisation known as the Oversea Civil Service

Friday, June 18

Another private session on Indo-China meets in Geneva

The British Government promises the United States to co-operate in preventing the shipment of arms to Guatemala

Saturday, June 19

M. Mendès-France becomes Foreign Minister as well as Prime Minister in new French Cabinet

The U.S. State Department reports 'serious uprisings in Guatemala against the Government'

At the request of the Foreign Minister of Guatemala the President of the U.N. Security Council summons an emergency meeting

Sunday, June 20

Security Council discusses Guatemala's complaint of aggression by Honduras and Nicaragua. Russia vetoes a resolution that the matter be referred to the Organisation of American States

Mr. Eden returns to London from Geneva after seeing the new French Prime Minister in Paris

Three British passengers lose their lives when a Swiss aircraft is forced down into the sea near Folkestone

Monday, June 21

President Arbenz proclaims martial law in Guatemala

Secretary of State for Colonies makes statement about future of Gold Coast and Togoland

John Landy of Australia beats the world record for the mile and 1,500 metres in a race in Finland

Tuesday, June 22

Guatemalan Government claims to have repulsed rebel attacks; insurgents state they have captured twenty-five villages

Chinese Foreign Minister accepts invitation to visit India



Following reports of 'uprisings' in Guatemala from U.S. sources the United Nations Security Council met on June 20, at the request of Guatemala, to consider her complaint of 'aggression' by Honduras and Nicaragua in support of 'a group of exiles'. The Guatemalan Foreign Minister stated that his country had been 'invaded' by forces based in Honduras. The above photograph is of Señor Jacobo Arbenz Guzman, the Guatemalan President. The map, right, shows Guatemala and the neighbouring countries; 'invading' forces were first said to have sailed from Hog Island for the Guatemalan port of Puerto Barrios, but the rebel claim to have captured this port was later abandoned

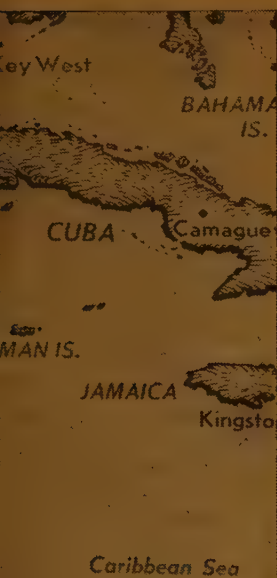


H.M. the Queen giving her horse Aureole a congratulatory pat after he had been ridden to victory by E. Smith in the Hardwicke Stakes on June 18, the final day of Royal Ascot. Earlier her colt Landau, ridden by Sir Gordon Richards, had won the Rous Memorial Stakes

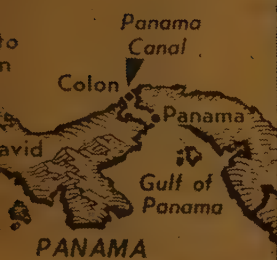


A British European Airways helicopter landing on tarmac on June 17, when the first central London landing service between London Airport and the South B.

Right: Miss D. Leather breaking a world record in A.A.A. Championships at White City last Saturday night, nine seconds. Miss Leather recently became the first woman to run a mile in under five minutes.

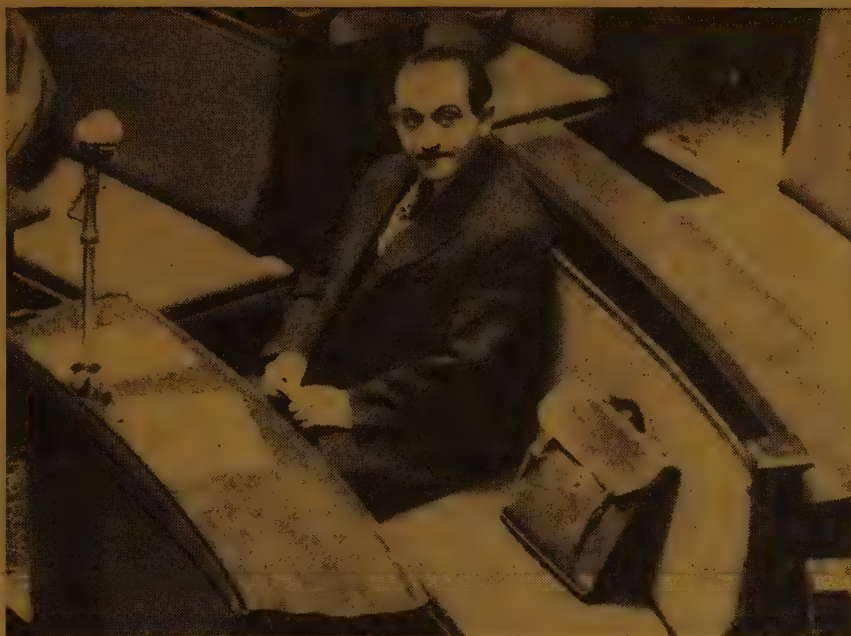


AGUA



Bank of the Thames
s opened. A regular
posed for next year

ards in the Women's
on the event in two
woman in the world



M. Pierre Mendès-France photographed in the Chamber of the National Assembly on June 18 as he awaited the result of the vote which made him France's nineteenth Prime Minister since the war



Chatsworth, Derbyshire, the historic home of the Dukes of Devonshire. Owing to the heavy death duties payable upon the estate after the death of the tenth Duke in 1950, its future was in doubt. The Chancellor of the Exchequer told the Commons on June 22 that negotiations were in progress to acquire the house and its art treasures for the nation



Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the Gold Coast and leader of the Convention People's Party, after his party had been victorious in the colony's second general election last week. The results gave Dr. Nkrumah's party 74 of the 104 seats in the new Assembly. Dr. Nkrumah aims at full independence



Dame Sybil Thorndike with a statuette of herself as St. Joan presented to her at the Haymarket Theatre on June 14, the golden jubilee of her first appearance on the stage



Police in west Berlin struggling to keep an angry crowd away from a heckler arrested at a rally on June 17. The rally was held to mark the first anniversary of the anti-communist uprising in the eastern zone

Law in Action

Policeman and Suspect

By SIR CARLETON ALLEN

NOTHING is more odious to British public opinion than the so-called 'third degree'. All good citizens of this country are ready to co-operate with the police in their legitimate inquiries; but any excess or abuse of their powers is vigilantly detected and fiercely resented.

The courts take the same view, and it is well illustrated by a case decided in March, 1953, *Reg. v. Bass*. The accused was alleged to have been concerned in breaking and entering a shop and stealing goods therein, in company with two other men who eventually pleaded guilty. The police, suspecting Bass, obtained a warrant to search his premises, but found nothing incriminating. There the matter might have ended, but 'on information received', as the hallowed phrase has it, the suspicions of the police were revived and they invited Bass to come and have a chat at the police station.

Inadmissible Confession

It was one of those polite invitations which it is tactless to decline. The interview with two police officers took place in the C.I.D. room and lasted for three-quarters of an hour. No caution was administered and the suspect talked freely and made a number of statements which the police considered amounted to a confession of the crime. He was duly charged with it, but at his trial his counsel argued that his confession was inadmissible in evidence, since, in breach of the Judges' Rules (which I will explain presently), it had been obtained without the prescribed caution having been given. The Deputy Chairman of the London Sessions ruled that the confession was admissible; it was the sole evidence against the accused and upon it he was convicted and sentenced.

For reasons which do not appear, Bass' statement was not taken down by dictation at the actual time of the interview. One officer made his notes after Bass had been formally charged, and the other about an hour later. Both wrote in their official notebooks, and their accounts were identical in form and expression, though the constables denied that they had collaborated in making them. Counsel for the defence suggested that this was a remarkable coincidence and asked that the jury might be allowed to see the notebooks. The Deputy Chairman refused the request, holding that police notebooks often contained confidential and official matter which ought not to be bandied about.

The prisoner appealed and his conviction was quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal. It was held that Bass was, in effect, in custody and that a caution should have been given him before he made any statement. That omission, however, would not in itself have nullified the confession completely. That is shown by the case of the murderer Voisin, in 1918. He was convicted of the murder of a woman the trunk of whose body was found in a parcel. The gruesome package also contained a piece of paper on which were written two offensive words, grossly misspelt. Before cautioning him the police had asked Voisin to write these words on another piece of paper; he did so willingly, with the same grotesque misspellings, and the Court of Criminal Appeal held that this damning evidence had been properly admitted. In Bass' case, therefore, it was still open to the judge, in his discretion, to admit the accused's statement even in the absence of a caution, but in that event it was necessary to warn the jury clearly that they must be satisfied that it was entirely voluntary and not made under any undue pressure. This, in the opinion of the court, had not been made sufficiently clear in the summing-up. It was also held that the jury ought to have been given the opportunity of inspecting the officers' notebooks, though the court added that there was nothing necessarily irregular or surprising in police officers collaborating in such circumstances in order to refresh their memories.

The case is not remarkable for having laid down any new law, but it is typical of the strict safeguards which are provided for suspected and accused persons, and of the extreme care which the police have to exercise in dealing with them. The decision has gained interest lately because only last February similar questions arose in Scotland with regard to the police interrogation of a youth of sixteen who had been

convicted, by a Scottish majority verdict, of robbery and murder. Five judges of the Scottish Court of Criminal Appeal quashed his conviction on the ground that he had been subjected to an excessive inquisition by the police, and later the Lord Justice General, Lord Cooper, speaking for all the judges, laid down certain rules for the conduct of the police in the examination of suspects. They are similar to those which have long prevailed in England and which I will mention later.

To put it in the most general terms, our courts have for centuries regarded confessions with caution amounting often to suspicion. A confession is inadmissible unless it is absolutely voluntary. What, then, will make it involuntary? The two principal vitiating elements are the powerful emotions of hope and fear, both of which 'spring eternal'. The hope must be of some material reward or advantage—such as 'if you make a clean breast of it, you will be granted bail and won't be kept in custody'; and the fear must be conveyed by some alarming threat, express or implied—for example, 'if you don't own up, it will be the worse for you'. The inducement must be held out by somebody who has the power to implement it. Anybody in that relationship to the accused is known in law as 'a person in authority', such as a prosecutor, constable, magistrate, or employer. Obviously mere advice or appeal from an individual who has no control over the situation and cannot do the accused either good or harm—a friend or relation, for example, in whom he confides—does not affect the validity of a confession, since it leaves the delinquent still free to make his own choice.

There is a vast amount of case-law about hope and fear. The lines drawn between the free and the tainted confession are sometimes rather shadowy, but the essential question always is, was the suspect a free agent when he gave himself away? If there is any serious reason to think that he was under constraint, his confession will be excluded. Sometimes the principle is carried to what seem rather fanciful lengths. For instance, it seems fairly harmless to say to a person under suspicion, 'You had better tell the truth', but that expression has often been held to be improper, since it veils a threat which may be all the more formidable because it is vague and undefined. On the other hand, the law takes a materialistic view of inducements. They must relate to this world, not to the next. A confession is not stultified by the promise of heaven or the fear of hell, and in the eye of the law you do not destroy a man's free will by literally putting the fear of God into him.

Other rules affecting the relationship between the police and suspected or arrested persons have a long history behind them. Peel's famous 'bobbies', first established in London in 1829 and then gradually imitated throughout the counties, were the first really effective police force which this country had ever had; but they met with powerful opposition and prejudice at first and it took them a long time to win the confidence of the public. It may have been an echo of this controversy that throughout the nineteenth century judges took different views of statements made by persons in custody; some judges were fairly liberal in admitting them in evidence, while others sternly disallowed any statements made in reply to police questions.

Embarrassing Confusion

Confusion in this matter continued to exist for a long time and it was a great embarrassment to the police. Sometimes they were censured for probing too much and sometimes for probing too little. At last, in 1912, the Home Secretary put the matter to the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, and he, with the concurrence of his brethren, formulated four principles, which came to be known as the Judges' Rules. They have been supplemented from time to time as points of doubt have arisen, until there are now nine of them, together with a set of ten Supplementary Rules, issued by the Home Office in 1947 and 1948, with the approval of the Lord Chief Justice. These rules are an interesting example of the curious ways in which the law is made in this country. Strictly speaking, they are not law at all. They have been issued simply 'for the information and guidance of the Police', and the courts have said once and again that they are of an essentially

administrative character. Yet in practice they are as mandatory as if they were embodied in a statute. In that respect they resemble the famous McNaughten Rules. They too were only advisory opinions of the judges, but they are unquestionably the law of the land with regard to insanity as a defence to homicide.

It would be tedious to describe the Judges' Rules in detail, but I will try to give the gist of them. They begin with what may be regarded as a glimpse of the obvious, namely, that when investigating a crime a police officer may properly ask questions of anybody, though the person interrogated is not obliged to answer the questions, or may prefer to do so only under the guidance of a legal adviser. Then it is laid down that whenever the constable has made up his mind to charge a person, he must caution him before asking further questions, and if the individual is actually in custody, he must not be questioned without preliminary caution. Here there are two difficulties which the police often encounter. At what point does the policeman make up his mind to prefer a charge? When, for example, a constable is taking statements on the spot about a road accident, when is he supposed to decide which, if any, person should be prosecuted? It is clearly a delicate matter, the more so because the officer often has to make a report to his Chief Constable or Superintendent, and it is the superior officer who really decides about prosecution.

Again, when is a person 'in custody'? Strictly speaking, not until he has been formally arrested. But the courts look at the substance and not the mere technicalities of the situation. Thus in *Bass's Case*, the suspect went to the station 'voluntarily' when invited, but the police frankly said in evidence that if he had refused, they would have arrested him—and doubtless nobody knew this better than Bass himself. In those circumstances it would savour of fiction to say that he was a mere voluntary visitor, and the courts held that he was, for all practical purposes, in custody. The same view was taken in the Scottish case to which I have referred; there, too, the suspect was not actually under arrest when he made his statement.

'If the prisoner wishes to volunteer any statement, the usual caution should be administered'. Most people know the form of the caution. The accused is warned that he is not obliged to say anything, but if he chooses to do so, what he says or writes may be used in evidence—not, as the old formula had it, 'against you', but simply 'in evidence', because what the prisoner says may be to his advantage rather than his detriment, and it may not be used at all. If the statement is in writing, the caution is written at the head of it and signed by the accused. Generally the police (usually two officers together) take down, after caution, what the accused says, and they must record it in his actual language, however illiterate, not in their own 'officialese'. It is then read over to him, amended if he so wishes, signed and witnessed. The statement should, if possible, be taken down at the time that it is made, on official stationery and not in police notebooks. It may well be imagined, however, that it is not always easy to get down word for word the statement of an excited, voluble, or incoherent suspect, and in that case the officers must piece together from memory, as soon as possible, what he said. This generally means trouble, however, for, as we have seen in *Bass's Case*, the police are certain to be subject to sharp cross-examination about their recollections, even though the accused has confirmed them by signing them.

Confession before Caution

It sometimes happens that an agitated person, in the presence of the police, blurts out a confession before there has been time to caution him. One of the rules makes it clear that the confession is not thereby necessarily rendered inadmissible, provided that the caution is administered as soon as possible. Here again the police are liable to be closely questioned as to why there was no caution and they must satisfy the court that there was no opportunity to give it. Another rule reaffirms the prohibition of any cross-examination of a person in custody, but makes an exception for questions intended merely to clarify something, such as a time, date, or place, to which he has referred.

It will be seen, then, that English law takes elaborate precautions against anything like unfair inquisition or persecution by the police. All this is most salutary and is among the chief of our democratic freedoms, but there is no doubt that it often makes the task of the police very delicate and even perilous. Their constant problem is that they may know perfectly well who has committed the crime but they have to obtain the watertight evidence which the law requires, and in doing so they have to walk most warily and are denounced if they make the slightest slip.

One is sometimes tempted to think that our modern rules, in sharp contrast to the criminal procedure of former ages, are almost too solicitous for accused and suspected persons. In the present state of crime in this country it is no matter for satisfaction that a great many malefactors escape justice either by means of technicalities or through lack of evidence, which the police cannot obtain because of the restrictions imposed upon them. Baron Parke, one of our greatest common lawyers, referring to some of the highly refined decisions about confessions, once said that 'justice and commonsense have too frequently been sacrificed at the shrine of mercy'. Even if that is true today, however, Englishmen passionately prefer it to sacrifices at the shrine of terrorism. A generation which has seen so many warning examples of what the police-state can be and do would rather that some enemies of society went free than that they should be brought to justice by secret, harsh, or tyrannical means.—*Third Programme*

U.S. Military Policy

(continued from page 1076)

what the deterrent policy implies: it is based on the conviction that time is on our side, if we can just prevent a war with nuclear weapons from breaking out and doing irreparable damage to our civilisation. If we can do this, we believe, our way of life will prove itself the stronger, prove itself in the end to have a greater attraction for the majority of mankind than the 'communist paradise'. We do not believe that any system which demands the constant presence of an Iron Curtain and the eternal vigilance of a secret police in order to compel people to obey its rules and prevent them from fleeing from its control, can long survive the pressures set up by the natural urge of human beings toward freedom, security, and some degree of happiness. It may be doubted whether the communist leaders disagree with this conclusion fundamentally: maybe that is why they have made such desperate efforts to eliminate our way of life or at least to keep it as far from their frontiers (mental and physical) as they can. They seem to have a sense of urgency: probably because, in the last analysis, their personal survival is at stake as well as that of their regime.

Our deterrent policy is designed to prevent this sense of urgency from inducing the Soviet bosses to start a war as a solution of their mounting difficulties. But if this is sound policy for us, and if its corollary—that with no war our system will prevail in the end—is true, then it follows as the night the day that the moment must come at which a war will be the only hope of escape for the Soviet leaders from the consequences of their system's defects. If no war means the eventual collapse of the Soviet tyranny as we know it, then war becomes its single chance of survival as this collapse is seen to be approaching. We may hope that, before then, the Soviet leaders will have become so weakened by internal difficulties, or so divided among themselves, that they will not be able to throw the iron dice upon the table, or that the response to their call to war will be so feeble as to enable us to withstand the shock without suffering too much damage. But we dare not let ourselves imagine that we can depend wholly on the deterrent policy: that we must not also be prepared, if it is forced upon us, to fight and win a war.

In that case the deterrent forces become merely the first-line weapons with which we hammer the enemy while mobilising and deploying against him the whole of our fighting power. And in that case we shall have to fight by land, by sea, and in the air with everything we have, and be prepared to meet and throw back any enemy assault of any kind that he may be able to use against us and our associates.

It seems clear that the future security of the free world must remain dependent on the united action of the free nations to maintain a deterrent against Soviet aggression, and the capacity to defeat such aggression by united action should it nevertheless occur. It is not by chance that General of the Army, Omar N. Bradley, formerly Chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, has said in a recent article that there are two deterrents—the Strategic Air Command and the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation—and that neither would work without the other. Certainly no military alliance between free peoples can ever endure for any length of time unless there is a clear understanding by all concerned of what is being planned and what is intended—unless, indeed, there is a common purpose, a common determination to attain that purpose, and agreement as to the means best calculated to carry that determination into effect.—*Third Programme*

Art

Goya's Etchings and Drawings

By ANDREW FORGE

AT the Arts Council's Goya exhibition at St. James's Square there are about 100 drawings from the Prado and the Lazaro Galdiano Museum, etchings representing the three great sets mostly from the collection of Mr. Tomas Harris, a few lithographs, and one painting. Many of the works will be well known by reproduction, but this should be no excuse for missing the exhibition. The richness and density of the etchings and the amazing colour of the drawings, particularly those done with Chinese ink and sepia together, are essential qualities which have never been reproduced.

Everybody says that Goya has a special relevance to our time. They usually seem to mean that his subject-matter is violent, political, psychological and not concerned with concepts of beauty. Goya has an irresistible attraction for the literary mind. One can imagine, at a different time, Poussin being admired in the same way though for opposite reasons. But to painters all artists of Goya's worth are modern artists and if they attach particular importance to him now it is for reasons of their own. What Goya has to offer them is drawing (or composition—the terms become interchangeable at this level) which does more than represent the subject, more than impose upon it a personal rhythm, but embodies it in its own action. Goya was not a sort of graphic social worker nor was he an expressionist. Like all great designers his genius lay in his powers of identification. The plate 'Tu que no puedes', No. 19, is a masterpiece because the subject, the two crouching men under their donkey-riders, is presented as a single image, amazingly still, a pyramid of light and dark shapes locked into the sky and landscape. Within this stillness the strain of the subject exerts itself continuously and within its very flat design foreshortening and overlapping forms create a parallel tension.

Goya's images are never ambiguous as forms. Even the darkness in works like 'Disparate General', No. 87, is given form; and this welter of figures whose activity we cannot name comes as near to the nightmare as anything could. The trees, bulrings, rooms, and countryside of his world are as specific as the figures which are caught against them. Figures and landscape can be thought of as foreground and background, and when we make this switch from subject to shape we begin to see how Goya uses his highly wrought images; how the total configuration of forms is an instantaneous expression of the event; and how the cut of the figures against the background is part of this configuration. We see how viewpoint is used as a precise stroke of expression: the low horizon, used over and over in the 'Desastres de la Guerra' with an effect which isolates the event seen from the indifferent world, which builds in the mind a land that stretches away endlessly:

... we realise the woods are deaf and the sky nurses no one.

The portrait paintings and the tapestry cartoons, those two sections of his work which he did for the world, unflatteringly nourish the engravings. The subtle, flexible, and aesthetic rococo convention of which he was

master gave him a system within which he accommodated his realism. The 'Desastres' never conceal their descent but they rail against it. What these other activities meant, no doubt, was that Goya, working from his imagination, was able to draw simultaneously upon an idea of composition as an end in itself (the decorative-idea) and the experience of years of painting real people whose unique features repeated a challenge from outside to his sense of what could and could not be done. Time

after time we see how the aesthetic autonomy of rococo allows him to bind the subject round so that its meaning is forced to the surface. The decoratively grouped figures with nothing to do become the tense knot struggling with the corpse of the 'Unhappy Mother', No. 50; the vignette becomes an incident. There are drawings here which may be compared with the final print. In all cases the print is the more realistic and the more ruthlessly composed. Notice Nos. 72 and 76, of Charles V lancing a bull. In the etching the group of bull, horse and Emperor are compressed into a solid triangle whose right edge is reinforced by a shaft of light, while in the drawing they are more normally extended. In the print the bull is head to the horse's tail; in the drawing they face the same way. In the print, within the compact and static triangle a powerful twist of the bull's shoulders and head drives back into the picture, and horse and rider come at him by a similar twisting in perspective; but the swift and unimpeded fall of the lance gains its speed from its direction on the flat.

It is composition in its essence. All forms are considered as shapes upon a flat surface, and all movements are strained against it.

The independent art for art's sake of a decorative manner allowed Goya to make a radical enlargement of the dramatic possibilities of composition; and of the possibilities of visual facts. The drawings like the one reproduced show how well-prepared he was to possess within his system those telling

fortuitous effects of scale and of overlapping. They are the prizes of his detached yet purposeful eye.

On the left of one of the etchings from the Caprichos a seated woman clasps two terrified and bawling children. A cloaked figure stands over them, its face hidden. A note on the plate assumed to be by Goya himself says: 'Deadly abuse in early education. To bring up a child to fear a boggy man . . .' The rationalist mocks, but if we can be sure of anything about the appalling figure which turns its back on us it is that it is as real to Goya as to the children who face it. The drawing is as much an act of personal exorcism as a didactic utterance. This is the measure of his greatness, of the level upon which he engaged with the events of his day, and, more important, of how design had become the external vessel of his imagination. The influence of Goya on modern painters will be good or bad, fruitful or destructive, exactly according to the degree to which they understand the precision of his expression.



'Desbergonzado oen todas, todas' ('He is bold with them all, all'): sepia wash drawing by Goya, from the Prado

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Hydrogen Bomb

Sir,—In view of the hope that it may be possible to halt the race in armaments and initiate a progressive policy of international disarmament it is of the utmost importance that we shall realise and acknowledge the concessions which the Soviet Union has made in the past if we are to hope to achieve mutual agreement in the future. In this connection Mr. William Clark's broadcast on the hydrogen bomb and its political background (THE LISTENER June 10) can only be described as grossly misleading.

Be it said at once that the original Baruch proposals to subject the weapon, which at that time the U.S.A. alone possessed, to international control and ownership was an act of statesman-like generosity probably without parallel in history. But from that point in June 1946 all the concessions came from the east, and the west refused to move one foot further to meet the Russians.

The immediate response of the U.S.S.R. was to protest against the infringement of sovereignty involved, and to insist on subjecting the work of control and inspection to the veto. They then retired to give mature consideration to the proposals. The long period of delay, despite the public assertion of Stalin on October 28 that strong international control was needed, had a deleterious effect on all subsequent negotiations in a degree which the Russians probably did not anticipate. In June 1947 they offered their counter-proposals, insisting, as Mr. Clark says, on the prior destruction of stocks of the bomb, on limited inspection, and on the power of the veto. In April 1948 these were rejected as inadequate.

At this point tension between the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. was high. The U.S.A. understandably did not wish to give up the bomb without the guarantee of international control. The U.S.S.R., equally understandably, was not prepared to have her resources inspected by potential enemies before the dominant potential weapon against her was eliminated.

In November 1948 the U.S.S.R. made further concessions from her original intransigent position. It is the failure to mention these that, above all, vitiates Mr. Clark's analysis. These accepted inspection and control, but not management and ownership, permitted the Atomic Energy Commission to function under simple majority voting, and proposed simultaneous conventions for prohibition and control. Whatever be thought of the first two of these points, the third at least genuinely allowed for the fears of both parties. These concessions came almost twelve months before the first Soviet bomb was exploded.

These points have been clearly laid before the British public by the late W. Arnold Forster and the late Alex Wood, neither of whom are likely to be suspected of undue communist sympathies, and through the bodies with which they were so closely associated, the United Nations Association and the National Peace Council, they encouraged constructive suggestions as to future action. For example, it is clear that the Russians will never assent to international ownership of atomic power plant. If we will only acknowledge this, then we might well be able to insist upon a really effective system of inspection. But we shall get nowhere unless we are prepared imaginatively to understand the fears of Russians and Americans alike, and we

shall get nowhere if, however unwittingly, we distort the facts of history.—Yours, etc.,

Thames Ditton

JOHN FERGUSON

Sir,—There is reason for believing that one of the bases of goodness is a fine sense of humour, characteristic of all believers and of saints especially; and that where this is absent, evil intrudes. Reading certain statements, in THE LISTENER of May 27 ('How the Hydrogen Bomb Works') makes one wish to inquire if scientists, speaking generally, are not almost humour-forsaken. Thus—

'We need not be afraid
That the ocean may turn
Into a huge hydrogen bomb . . .'

Well, well,
With the land all fired away
By our man-created hell,
We can still jump into the sea!

I shall perhaps be accused of flippancy, but haply the boot is on the other foot. We seem to be amnesic, not only as to who we are, but Whose; and to have forgotten the vernacular of men, even. Recently, at a professorial gathering, I naively remarked: 'The world is not ours to destroy'. Only to be met by a colleague's rhetorical 'Then whose is it?'—Yours, etc.,

Syracuse University,
New York

A. E. JOHNSON

Sir,—The kindest retort that one might make to Professor Lonsdale, Miss Grenville-Wells, and Canon Waddington is that they are all excessively naive in this realistic world. We know that there is a potentially overwhelming enemy not very far off and they propose to do precisely nothing about it.

It happens that Mrs. Howorth is a steadfast Christian, while I have a different interpretation of the way in which the Great Architect of the Universe orders nature and ourselves; as lay-people, we both know our Bible very well, without the subtleties of the theologian. We are agreed that atomic energy, the latest of the forces of nature to be controlled, is likely to get out of hand and do more damage than good to mankind. We also agree that the only avenue to salvation is that its nature and potentiality should be understood by everyone, apart from scientists, who can learn what they want anyway, so that right national decisions can be made, particularly by politicians. On general issues scientists have no more weight in their opinions than anyone else, but it is their privilege to instruct us in the consequences of our actions so that we collectively can take the best decisions under given circumstances.

It so happens that Mrs. Howorth and myself are also instructors in Civil Defence, because we believe that in the event of an atomic catastrophe a trained organisation can be of great effect in saving lives in marginal areas. Whether such a catastrophe happens or not is not in the control of Christian pacifists; in fact, if we all become Christian pacifists this catastrophe is more likely to happen. At present they are so few that defending them as well as the others will not be an appreciable extra burden.

I, personally, cannot appreciate any connection between Christianity and war—that is, the Christianity officially formulated by the Council of Nicea in A.D. 325 and the modern warfare arising from bursting nationalisms or lack of food and the weapons of mass-destruction likely

to be used in a future general conflict. On the one hand we have a mass of disunited counsels from self-appointed exponents of Christianity, with no official spokesman or a controller of the followers, and on the other hand a necessity for perpetuating our ways of living achieved at great cost. It is we who have to work out a modern philosophy based on the newest information respecting human nature and the way in which it asserts itself.

Christ certainly knew nothing of our difficulties; neither did He know anything of what claims to be Christianity today and which is so remote in its complexity from His simple teaching. He worked from the ancient Scriptures, more relevant to His own times and of which we know little. The Old Testament was not collected and sorted out until long after He died. In our modern polemics we must not be limited by tenets which might have been useful in a simpler age, but which have been padded out with theological and dogmatic accretions in a vain hope of bringing them up to date during the intervening periods.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

L. E. C. HUGHES

Institute of Atomic Information
for the Layman

Sir,—Muriel Howorth can no doubt produce arguments against the pacifist point of view, but it seems presumptuous of her to write as though no arguments need to be produced. To say that pacifists are *ungrateful* to 'those brave men who will defend us and our way of life' is to assume the very point which pacifists question: the idea that our way of life can be defended by the methods of modern war.

Mrs. Howorth adds that 'it is well that there are still in England those who believe in Christianity enough to fight for it'. It is possible that belief in Christianity may manifest itself supremely in a willingness to bomb, burn, and ruthlessly destroy the enemies of our country. It is possible—but, on the face of it, rather unlikely. Mrs. Howorth certainly has no right to express her opinions with such confidence.

Yours, etc.,

Belfast

GEOFFREY CARNALL

Sir,—A basic fallacy in Professor Kathleen Lonsdale's recent letter (THE LISTENER, June 3) was the statement that '... the only conceivable reason why anyone should want to drop hydrogen bombs on Great Britain is that we are a military base and therefore, in theory at least, a potential menace'. One can, in fact, conceive of quite a variety of reasons other than this one, and Professor Lonsdale is surely a trifle naive if she believes men never start wars except in self-defence.—Yours, etc.,

Radlett

BRUCE M. ADKINS

Thoughts of an American in England

Sir,—As an American who has lived in England for nearly a year, I feel that Mary McCarthy's Third Programme talk (printed in THE LISTENER of June 17) was in many ways a misrepresentation of facts.

My husband, our three children, and I live in a residential suburb of London; and in our small and rather self-contained community, I believe we are the only Americans. Either we are extremely insensitive and thick-skinned or else we have not encountered any of the anti-American feeling which depresses Miss Mc-

Carthy. From our very first days in England, we have been impressed by the warm, friendly spirit with which the British have welcomed us. At the worst, you accept our foreign mannerisms with amused tolerance; and for the most part, you simply take us for what we are, unconcerned about our clothes or our accents.

We have found this to be true among our own neighbours and tradespeople, who by now know us well; but true also in our casual encounters—in the bus queues, on the underground, or in the shops of Regent Street or Piccadilly.

I should imagine Miss McCarthy's impressions are based upon her encounters within a relatively restricted sphere—a circle of liberal, literate, cosmopolitan central Londoners, the English equivalent of the Americans she knows who subscribe to *The Economist* and have opinions about the Third Programme. Such people may be articulate and influential, but they do not represent a cross-section of public opinion in either the United States or England. And, furthermore, I do not think Miss McCarthy reports their opinions correctly. We, too, meet people of that sort here in London. And we do not find them hostile. They may be critical of American foreign policy, though it is unlikely they will say so in any more violent terms than the average American voter or his elected representatives. They are certainly disturbed about Senator McCarthy—though no more so than are Joseph N. Welch, Edward R. Murrow, or the *New York Times'* editorial columns. But I do not think they identify me, or Mary McCarthy, or many other individual Americans with the Senator.

Either Miss McCarthy is setting up straw men simply for the pleasure of knocking them down in a witty and provocative manner, or else she has misjudged British feelings. In either case, she is not performing any great service for the cause of Anglo-American friendship. I should think she herself might be the first person to regret that fact, and to second the apologies another American in England herewith offers.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.13

FRANCES B. PAULU

Sir,—The talk by Miss Mary McCarthy on which you comment must have evoked considerable astonishment. Two reasons she gives for anti-American feeling are quite fantastic. She alleges that we are afraid of American aggression and almost neurotic at the atom-bomb threat.

The first reason does not call for a reply for it simply does not and never has existed. As to the second, there is far less hysteria and nervousness concerning atom warfare in this country than in the U.S.A. Miss McCarthy cannot apparently distinguish between resentment and fear. There is undoubtedly resentment at the manner in which the U.S.A. seems to take it for granted that we should be prepared to act as the first bastion to protect the U.S.A. against this terrible weapon.

But the roots of anti-American feeling go far deeper. After two world wars, in both of which the U.S.A. intervened, but only when she herself was threatened, the end of both found the victors, with one notable exception, impoverished and debt-ridden. Is it completely forgotten that in both wars we and France stood the first shock of a fully equipped and fully prepared enemy? Our own sacrifices seem to be completely overlooked. Our precarious economic position today is in no small measure due to the fact that, in addition to the enormous financial calls upon us during the war years, we had to devote so much of our resources to pay for munitions of every kind to the U.S.A. which emerged from this war, as it did from the first, the richest and most powerful country in the world.

But one has to go further back and recall that

though after the first world war we owed a considerable sum to the U.S.A. we were owed twice as much by our European allies. It was the hope, as laid down in the famous Balfour Note, that all war debts should be cancelled. This was agreeable in measure to our European debtors but not to the U.S.A., but had this been done and had we not been swindled, in common with our allies, out of reparations by Germany, we would not have had to carry for years the burden of our debt to America without receiving anything in relation to what we were owed by others. In addition, the U.S.A. charged this country a higher rate of interest than she charged her other debtors. All this appears to be forgotten, as does the fact that it was the U.S.A. who wrecked the world economic conference of 1933. Moreover, though the League of Nations was largely the inspiration of President Wilson and his advisers, it was the U.S.A.'s refusal to join it that contributed largely to its futility and unhappy ending.

Again, in the last war, as Miss McCarthy does indeed point out, it was the policy of the U.S.A. almost invariably to support the Soviet point of view as against our own. It continually talked of British 'imperialism' and 'colonialism' as being a greater danger to the world than communism. Today we are reaping the fruits of that policy, and Senator McCarthy, who intersperses his investigations by vicious and ignorant attacks on this country, might well be reminded who was mainly responsible for the grip of communism on east Europe today.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond

SIDNEY SALOMON

Christian Duties in the New Community

Sir,—I am aware I should not unduly prolong my pleasant interchange with the Rev. E. Benson Perkins, particularly as between us there is so much agreement. May I, however, state my gratification at Mr. Perkins' statement that he does not deem it necessary 'to accept all the Christian dogmas such as the Virgin Birth' in order to nourish and implement Christian values. Presumably, therefore, he would not deny the description of 'Christian' to those who cannot accept those dogmas. I wonder if the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. William Graham would endorse his liberality? (The Pope certainly would not.)

I note with some surprise that 'a very large section of the Christian Church were among the first to accept the evolutionary thesis', for I thought there was ample evidence to the contrary. In any case, he would possibly agree that much intellectual truth as well as social righteousness has somehow emerged from those who were heretical or agnostic or had not engaged in devout religious exercise. The inference to be drawn from this is that 'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform'; and, surely, that Christian duties may find variable expression.

It is my earnest prayer that many Christian churches, congregations, and ministers will be inspired to give their Christian duties that more generous interpretation.

Yours, etc.,

REGINALD W. SORENSEN

House of Commons

German Surrender at Lüneburg Heath

Sir,—In his recorded talk (THE LISTENER, June 10), Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery remarks that, at the signing of the surrender document on Lüneburg Heath, he 'made a mistake' over the date 'and had to cross it out and initial the erasure'.

In the official prints of this document distributed by the Imperial War Museum—a recent example is to be found in the north-west Europe volume in the Stationery Office series of short

military histories—the initials BLM inserted above the fluffed date in the original have been delicately removed.

It may be reasonable to suggest that reproductions of official documents ought not to be subject to editorial treatment.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

JOHN NORTH

Teaching of International Relations

Sir,—Professor Manning said in his talk on 'The Teaching of International Relations' (THE LISTENER, May 27) that 'Britain's universities have still not established the teaching of international relations in a truly worthy manner'. It would be of interest to know how many of our universities have Departments of International Politics. Such a Department has been in existence at the University of Wales, Aberystwyth, since, I believe, 1919.—Yours, etc.,

Newtown

VIVIEN CUTTING

Fruits of Our Orchards and Gardens

Sir,—Mr. Edward Hyams in 'Fruits of Our Orchards and Gardens' (THE LISTENER, June 10) seems to have got himself into an old muddle. With regard to the peach, of which he says 'Peaches and melons can be traced by nomenclature to an Iranian source . . .', he perpetuates a fallacy which existed for some eighteen centuries—from Pliny's day to the publication of Alphonse de Candolle's *Origin of Cultivated Plants*. The Romans had the peach tree from Persia about A.D. 70, and, erroneously thinking that that was its home, they named it the 'Persian apple'. Columella, a contemporary of Pliny, noted the belief that the fruit was originally poisonous in Persia,

And apples, which most barbarous Persia sent

With native poisons arm'd (as *Fame* relates):

And now they've lost their pow'r to kill, and yield
Ambrosian juice, and have forgot to hurt.

Palladius, some thirty years later, gave some charming cultural directions; but when he said

Thaive kyndes beth, oon is peche Armenye,
Precox is next, the thriddle is duracyne.

he probably included the apricot which in those days was classed as a peach. (I give the A.D. 1420 translation in order to make Palladius sound as ancient as possible.)

The Persian origin was scotched in 1884 by de Candolle:

If it had existed in Persia or Armenia from all time, the knowledge and cultivation of so delicious a fruit would have spread earlier into Asia Minor and Greece. . . . The peach has no Sanskrit name, yet the peoples who spoke this language came into India from the north-west; that is to say, from the generally conceived home of the species.

This view of de Candolle, based upon history and philology, is confirmed by modern botanists, aided by the findings of geneticists and cytologists, and by the work of the great Russian scientist, Nikolai Ivanovitch Vavilov. The home of the peach is in China.

Mr. Hyams flounders further: 'The case of the apricot is particularly interesting. It was originally, and very anciently, cultivated in China, whence it drifted west into Iran and Armenia'. As a matter of fact the home of the apricot is in the Caucasus, an opinion this time rightly indicated by its name *Prunus armeniaca*, and agreed to by Darlington and Jarraki in their *Chromosome Atlas of Cultivated Plants*.

It may be that Mr. Hyams has confused the history of the peach and apricot; I suggest that he makes amends by attempting to hybridise them. The peach has already been crossed with the almond and with *Prunus davidiana*, and the apricot with the Japanese plum to make the 'plumcot'.

Peach growers would be grateful to Mr. Hyams if he would let them know whether he

has ever come across in his considerable researches the whereabouts of a chapel in England to St. Walburga, the patron saint of the peach. This question has beaten four hagiologists, one of them a 'member' of the Archer family, although it does ring a bell at the back of the minds of two of them.—Yours, etc.,

Therford

C. P. H. WILSON

Sir,—I was so interested in Edward Hyams' talk on this subject that I was driven to further investigation. In particular, Mr. Hyams' reference to sycophants and their connection with figs sent me diving into Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon. According to this, the word *συκοφαντής*, as originally used, did not mean an inferior (and incidentally at no time did it mean, as sycophant does now, a fawner or flatterer). On these grounds the suggestion of later grammarians that the word originally meant someone who informed against those who illegally exported figs or stripped the sacred fig trees, is dismissed as fanciful. The suggestion is quoted with approval that the word was derived from *σύκον φαίνειν*—i.e., one who reveals the fig beneath the foliage. Is it fanciful to suggest that figs were in Athens considered as valuable as gold, and that a person who reveals figs beneath the foliage has the same kind of reputation, and is the same sort of person, as one who reveals the gold beneath the ground—i.e., a gold-digger? Perhaps, however, to reveal the fig by shaking the tree at one time meant revealing the truth by violent cross-examination, and by the time the word crept into literature the violent cross-examination had become abuse, and the truth had disappeared.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.10

P. N. WALEY JOSEPH

Miss Moberly's Apparitions

Sir,—Mr. Antony Flew has given reasons for not being able to accept the two ladies' accounts as accurate descriptions of their experience of August 10, 1901. The psychology of testimony is a special field of study, and it is perhaps understandable that those unacquainted with it should be unimpressed by Mr. Flew's arguments. But what if the ladies' experiences could be identified as convincingly with another set of events as with those concerning Marie Antoinette? Mr. G. W. Lambert, in a painstaking piece of research, has recently suggested that the ladies' description of what they saw in August 1901 conforms more closely to certain events of 1774 than of 1789 or 1792, and to the personal experiences of Marie Antoinette's gardener, Antoine Richard, than to those of the Queen herself (*S.P.R. Journal*, July 1953 and March 1954). I am not here concerned with the merits of Mr. Lambert's interpretation as against the Marie Antoinette theory: I mention it in order to show with what caution one must approach evidence on which two entirely different theories can be erected.

The evidence in cases of so-called 'retro-cognition' is extremely difficult to assess. Unless one is satisfied that those concerned did not at the time possess all the information conveyed by the experience, on what ground is one entitled to postulate a paranormal hypothesis? It is practically impossible to assess the evidence if it is not written down—independently, if more than one person is involved—at the time of the occurrence. Cases in which this requirement is fulfilled are rare indeed. A recent example—far less well known than *An Adventure*, but immeasurably superior evidentially—is 'The Dieppe Raid Case' (*S.P.R. Journal*, May 1952) in which descriptions were set down in writing as the experience took place. It will repay study by all interested in this puzzling problem.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

EDWARD OSBORN

Editor, *Society for Psychical Research Journal*

Sir,—Mr. Ralph Edwards ignores the fact that 'imagination working on memory' is a frequent cause of pseudo-psychical experiences, while well-authenticated examples of apparent 'retro-cognitive vision' are rare even by comparison with most types of psychical phenomena. Hence, while agreeing that there are some difficulties in accepting Mr. Flew's hypothesis, I would be more inclined to favour that commonplace explanation than to fly to one that is supported by little other evidence and involves great theoretical difficulties. In this case, however, as in so many in this field, the wisest course is to suspend judgement until we know more of what is and is not possible.

Yours, etc.,

The University of
Liverpool PAMELA M. CLARK

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER]

What Is There in Horse Racing?

Sir,—I am glad that Mr. Savage (*THE LISTENER*, June 17) has corrected the misleading impression of dog racing which my talk (*THE LISTENER*, June 10) gave. I mentioned what does happen at dog-race meetings and less obviously at horse-race meetings because I did not wish to deny that racing contains ingredients which may become poison. So does champagne. So do other things of more moment to us than drink or what won. What we sometimes forget is that this does not mean that the mixtures must be poison nor that they are not worth drinking. And that goes for dog racing. I should have said so. However, Mr. Savage has now set that right. He has my best wishes for his next trip on the green carpet under the bright lights from Harringay to Bagdad.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

JOHN WISDOM

The Comic Element in the English Novel

Sir,—On page 1047 (*THE LISTENER*, June 17) one of our most distinguished critics (no names, no pack-drill) uses the supposedly French phrase *le mot juste*, which, in fact, is scarcely more French than *tout de go* is English. Fowler will have none of it. 'The *mot juste*', he says, 'is a pet literary critics' word, which readers would like to buy of them as one buys one's neighbour's bantam cock for the sake of hearing its voice no more' (*Modern English Usage*, page 364).

Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

Sir,—Much as I have enjoyed Mr. V. S. Pritchett's valuable series of talks on 'The Comic Element in the English Novel', I would like to point out an inaccuracy in his reference to Ronald Firbank's novel, *The Flower Beneath the Foot*. The fashionable gossip writer, Eva Schnerb, is not present at the deathbed of the Archduchess Elizabeth; nor does she write of her, 'Her spirit soars; her thoughts are in the Champs-Élysées'. These words are, in fact, spoken by the Countess of Tolga, as she withdraws noiselessly from the room to warn the milliners.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.15

EDWARD FRANCIS

'Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry'

Sir,—I am glad to take the opportunity of replying to one or two of the points raised in Mr. Nigel Gosling's letter to *THE LISTENER*, printed in your number of June 10, as it happens that in the original draft of my article on M. Jacques Maritain's *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry*, which considerations of space obliged me to cut at the last moment, I had already dealt in some measure with these questions.

Though unfortunately I no longer have the Maritain book to hand, your correspondent

should have no difficulty in finding the passages I must allude to from memory, and in comparing them with those he has himself quoted from the book without referring carefully enough to their context. If Mr. Gosling will turn once more to M. Maritain's pages, he will find that

(a) M. Maritain, while in one place appearing grudgingly to concede his acceptance to 'painting without subject', does so only to tear it to pieces in another. If he seems to find tolerable the surrealist doctrine, which requires paintings to have a subject, he is none the less obliged altogether to misrepresent in his account of it the role of pure automatism in surrealist works (one has but to recall André Breton's use of the words '*littéralement déchainés*', in this connection, to perceive the extent of the misrepresentation); and then, a page or two later, violently to reject the surrealist group's productions, in fact, *en bloc*, and to treat Marcel Duchamp, for example, as the inventor of 'some shady sophisticated myth'. Again, throughout the book, M. Maritain drastically minimises or tries to ignore altogether the manifest fundamental differences which distinguish modern English and American poetry from the poetry of the modern French tradition. And he prefers similarly to ignore the tragic opposition, so apparent in some of the most remarkable works of our epoch, of which it is typical, between the rational thinking which determines the whole waking life of man in the modern world, and the intuitive thought which in practice it both depends on and refuses properly to recognise: neither Antonin Artaud nor Samuel Beckett receives the slightest mention.

(b) Apart from a few painters of notably limited talent, the only artists recognised in this book as moderns of significance are ones recently dead or octogenarians of the utmost celebrity; so that one searches in vain for mention of a single one of the names of those contemporary artists who, in Paris or New York, are currently associated with the imputation of modernity: Mark Tobey, Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, William de Kooning, Clyfford Still, for example, were one to limit oneself merely to mentioning artists regarded as distinguished in the country where M. Maritain delivered his lectures.

(c) For so practised a Thomist as M. Maritain, it is never impossible to resolve the difficulties arising from his own contradictions. Hence, no doubt, the sentence quoted by Mr. Gosling: 'To the very extent to which the fine arts make beauty an object . . . they recede from beauty and deviate towards academicism'. Since academicism and beauty are irreducibly antinomic expressions, this proposition has the advantage—inappreciable in casuistry for getting rid of a contradiction—of cancelling itself out simply in being formulated. In following M. Maritain's argument to its conclusion, I was speaking, for my part, only of the 'objects of beauty' which this appeared to me to be bound to lead to—for there are such things, I suppose, were they but pebbles?—Yours, etc.,

Paris

GEORGES DUTHUIT

'Under Milk Wood'

Sir,—In your excellent review of *Under Milk Wood* (May 27) your reviewer remarks upon Dylan Thomas' debts to other writers as 'marked ones'. He does not point out, neither has anyone else, the very marked debt to T. F. Powys. Echoes and imitations of Powys run throughout the piece, in the characters, their names, their language, and the subject-matter of the entire work. Though something is owed to James Joyce, much more is owed to Powys, without whose exquisite and wholly original stories this piece might never have been written.

Yours, etc.,

Welwyn Garden City

C. B. PURDOM



FINDING THE WEAK SPOT...

A misty night. Skilled hands are at work on the warehouse window. A click, and it's open. A lorryload of carpets is stolen—and a valuable contract lost.

Adequate insurance will make good the loss—but *the advice of an insurance expert might have prevented the theft.* For the British Insurance Companies have vast experience

of the methods of burglars; and it is part of their everyday service to help you to keep them out.

If you have any misgivings about *your* anti-burglary precautions ring up your Insurance Company and ask their advice. It costs you nothing. It is all part of the British Insurance Service.

BRITISH INSURANCE OFFICES
compete to give you service

The Listener's Book Chronicle

German Marxism and Russian Communism. By John Plamenatz.

Longmans. 25s.

MR. PLAMENATZ has already established himself as a most penetrating student of political ideas. His latest work, an analysis of the doctrine of Marx and Engels and of the mutations which it has undergone at the hands of Lenin and Stalin, is to be warmly welcomed. That the bolshevik revolution ran counter to marxist theory was, of course, obvious at the time—if only because it took place in a relatively backward agricultural society, and not in a country with a well developed proletariat. Plekhanov had sounded repeated warnings on the consequences of premature revolutions; and after the revolution, 'I told you so' became the refrain of the mensheviks. Mr. Plamenatz' analysis is more profound than these long-forgotten polemics, and his conclusions carry him a good deal farther than most of the critics who are marxists are prepared to go. For he believes that Lenin reversed the whole foundation of marxism: he placed revolution first, and the creation of an advanced industrial economy second—which, as Mr. Plamenatz rightly points out, 'makes nonsense of historical materialism'.

The analysis of marxism in this book is forceful, original, never unfair, and most convincingly devastating. Yet, somehow, there is a touch of irrelevancy about it. The strength of marxism did not lie in its appeal either to logic or to historical fact. Much of the doctrine was proved false in practice in the lifetime of Engels, let alone of Lenin. The force of the theory was that it became a dogma, and the reason why it became a dogma was mainly that it justified revolution to those who were most anxious to make it. Where there was no such anxiety to make a revolution—for example, among the more advanced proletariat in Germany—marxism was quietly 'reformed' into social democracy. Lenin's central task in making his 'marxist' revolution was to create a disciplined party which first ousted all other workers' and peasants' parties from the scene, and then stifled all democracy in its own midst into the bargain. Mr. Plamenatz has no difficulty in showing that Lenin's quaint theory of party finds no authority in the sacred canon of Marx and Engels. But is that the point? Marx was usually writing on questions of theory, and could only rarely indulge his true passion, that of being a revolutionary. On one of the few occasions when he did, in his advice to the Communist League, the similarity of his language to that of the contemporary communist is striking.

Mr. Plamenatz virtually demolishes the logical foundation of marxism in his first few chapters. He sees the merit of Marx's thought as a contribution to political theory in teaching us that 'the proper study of politics is not man, but institutions'. This may be true of politics considered as an academic discipline. But it is precisely this aspect of marxism that has caused most harm in practice. For it gave to men intoxicated with power (even if once inspired by ideals—none the less dangerous for that) the excuse which they needed to sacrifice living man to an abstraction called society; and one generation to the benefits which theory said would be reaped by the next.

Mr. Plamenatz probably tends to see communist society too much in terms of theory. This becomes apparent when he has to deal with the background of history of the Russian

revolution. He has evidently taken his Soviet history at second hand—at least, a number of errors of fact suggests this. For, in truth, the salient reason why Lenin, and Stalin after him, followed the course which they did had little to do with doctrine. It was because by the end of the civil war the bolsheviks enjoyed virtually no support among the peasants, and very little among the proletariat. Not only did they want to keep in power, but they also wanted to keep others out—not, as often asserted, for fear of chaos (there was chaos enough under Lenin, in all conscience) but to prevent the rise of something which they rightly regarded as much more dangerous to themselves, some form of social democracy. Hence, political opponents became counter-revolutionaries, critics became traitors, and Lenin's revolution a historical necessity. All this had much more to do with the art of keeping power than with marxism. It is not doctrines which make revolutions, but revolutionaries who use doctrines to achieve and keep power. Incidentally, Madame de Staël (to whom Mr. Plamenatz is quite shatteringly unfair in a footnote) was one of the first to realise this.

Mr. Plamenatz' underestimation of the power factor in Soviet history rather vitiates his somewhat optimistic conclusion on the moral for our time. The bolsheviks, he suggests, are, apart from their cruelty and injustice, all wrong in theory, and their interpretation of events is quite inaccurate. But they are at least sane. If the west is strong, then the bolsheviks, in contrast to Hitler, are unlikely to start a war which they cannot expect to win. Unfortunately, the sanity of any group of men who can persuade themselves that they are quite indispensable—at any cost—is only relative. Their theories may be all wrong, but they are very good at keeping in power—at any cost. One has an uncomfortable feeling that in some circumstances war might be part of the price they would be prepared to risk.

Aegean Greece. By Robert Liddell.

Capé. 25s.

Most travel writers on Greece might be described as either Hellenists or Romaics at heart, according to whether the classics or the country itself first laid hold on their affections. For the first, Greek soil is as it were a magical compost of mythology, poetry, and history, which serves above all to evoke the meaning of the ancient world; for the second, the more dimly apprehended past reappears in the vitality of the Greek people, in the instinctive intimacy, almost atrophied in the west, between man and nature, or in the ballads and the dionysiac rhythms of a village *panagyri*. Mr. Liddell is among the few authors who are equally at home in either tradition, whose knowledge of peasant customs and superstitions constantly reinforces his classical scholarship, and who is as familiar with Makryiannis as he is with Thucydides.

His *Aegean Greece* follows roughly the voyages of Theseus, so that it takes in Crete, the Saronic Gulf, the Cyclades and the Northern Sporades, with the Dodecanese islands added for good measure. In these waters the traveller may feel himself transported back in time to the age of the city-states. Politically insecure and exploited by the mainland at most times in their history, the islanders have naturally resisted change. Local heroes and local legends dominate the horizon, and the memory and observance of them may be preserved for centuries. Few of

these islands except Delos and Rhodes contain important antiquities. Their beauty is primitive and pure, a union of sea-reflected sunlight, grey rock and lime-washed houses so perfect that they seem to belong to a Platonic world of island-forms. Mr. Liddell is sensitive to these landscapes, but he keeps his expression on a tight rein, and his prose strikes the note of good talk, lively and pointed but not rhapsodical.

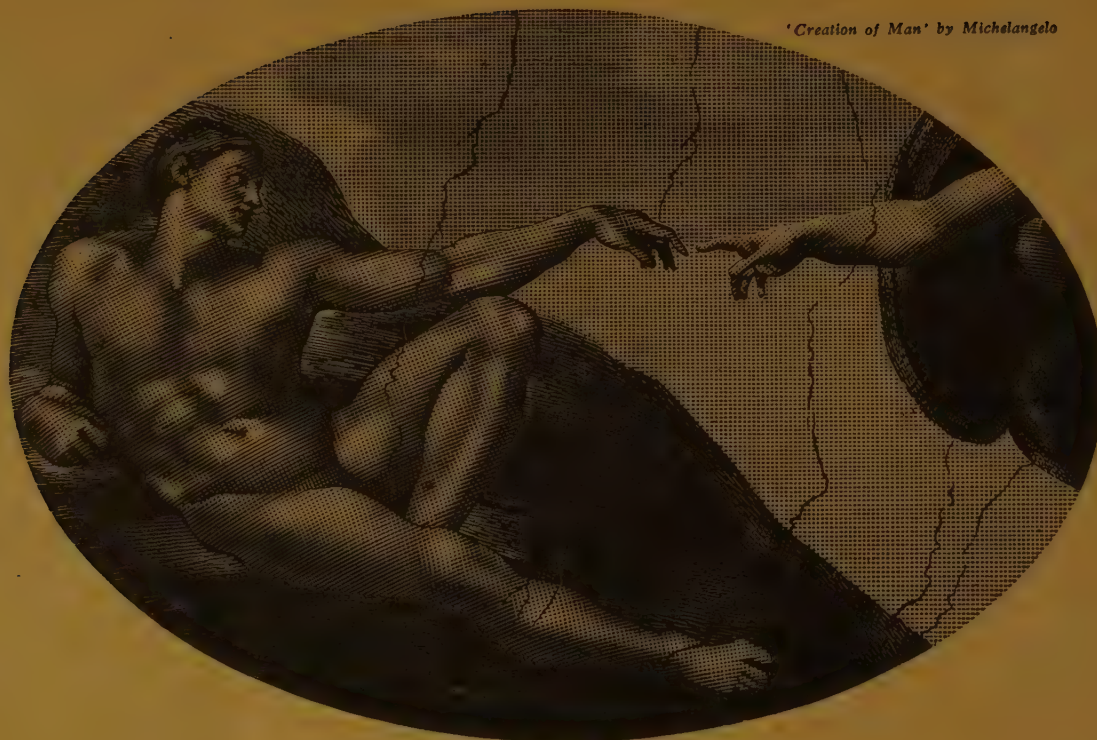
Mr. Liddell's love of Greece is so unmistakable that he can dispense with flattery. Of island food, his opinion is that the traveller would do better to live on air, and he swiftly dispels any illusion of Aegean voyages as a rest cure. He travels for the pleasures of solitude, and resists implacably the eternal curiosity of the Greeks: at the same time the conversation pieces which he records show plainly that he is as good a listener as he is a raconteur. It is interesting to compare this book with *The Children of Thetis* by Christopher Kininmonth, also published since the war. The latter is more imaginative in his impressions and has more to say of the way of life and the character of the islanders. *Aegean Greece* is better planned and informed and far more comprehensive. The author knows the architecture, the history, the mythology and the literary references of every island; in his pages the heroes of the Persian wars constantly rub shoulders with the patriots of the Greek Revolution, and he is at pains to advise the reader where to walk, sit, bathe, eat, and sleep.

The Bloomsbury Group. By J. K.

Johnstone. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

The author of this careful critical study would be the first to admit that its title is somewhat misleading. It does not deal with a group as such, with a more or less conscious association of particular people—neither with its history nor its social significance. It does not even deal with all the cultural activities that the label conveniently stands for—there is no discussion, for example, of the paintings of Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell, which made such a decorative background for the group. The book, indeed, deals 'only with an aspect of the literature of Bloomsbury'. As such—as an essay in literary criticism—it is well-informed, well written, and guided by clear aesthetic standards. It suffers only from an excess of analysis. Prepared as a thesis for the University of Leeds, it seems to be based on the assumption that the examiners would not be likely to have read any of the works to be discussed.

Though almost a quarter of the book is devoted to 'The Background', it is in effect a detailed study of the work of three authors—E. M. Forster, Lytton Strachey, and Virginia Woolf. G. E. Moore, Roger Fry, and Maynard Keynes are treated as subsidiary figures, who did nevertheless provide the group with a philosophy of life and of art. The unifying experience had been certain years as undergraduates at Cambridge, where Moore was a professor, and Mr. Johnstone has rightly taken a hint from Lord Keynes and traced the animating ideas of the group to Moore's *Principia Ethica*. He has not found an equally convincing origin for their aesthetics, and until someone works out the influences that shaped Roger Fry's mind, this is likely to remain a mystery. Incidentally, there is perhaps not enough mention of Clive Bell's part in clarifying the group's aesthetic faith—his *Art* was published in 1914, which was a good deal earlier than most of Fry's significant



'Creation of Man' by Michelangelo

Life is a privilege

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

Life is a dream, a jest, a burden, we have been told; it has even been called 'a long headache in a noisy street'. It can be all these things; and it can be more. Life, for anyone, is first of all an opportunity; to dream if we wish, or to create; to plod along, or to soar; to complain, or to serve.

The lives of organisations can be as various as those of individuals: Some follow placidly in the steps of centuries; others must ceaselessly advance if they are to survive at all. But in the industrial world of to-day, there is no such choice of philosophy: each industry must constantly be seeking new methods, new tasks, and new markets.

Life is a guess, a trial, a challenge.

Life is a privilege.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited

work. But as most of the intercommunications of the group were verbal, it would be difficult to establish priorities—and, from the group's point of view, no doubt undesirable.

Mr. Johnstone says that the central tenet of Bloomsbury's philosophy was 'a belief in art for art's sake', and continues:

... Bloomsbury's main contribution to twentieth-century thought may prove to have been that they regained a considerable degree of respect for the creed of art for art's sake at a time when it had fallen into disrepute. The reaffirmation of this creed by a group of serious artists and critics, aware, as Bloomsbury was, of the world's social and political problems, has been of value to our age, in which spiritual goods are often enough disregarded, and art is sometimes ordered to debauch itself for the purposes of propaganda.

As the phrase is usually interpreted (art in an ivory tower, etc.), this is not quite true. If it is true that the group desired that art should not be judged 'by its moral value or its reaction on life' (an earlier statement of Mr. Johnstone's), how could they at the same time believe that 'the creation and appreciation of works of art are exercises that heighten one's sensibilities and increase one's awareness of life'? That, surely, implies a reaction on life, and even a moral standard. There seems to be some muddle or ambiguity in the use of the word 'life' at this point. 'Art', said Roger Fry, 'is one of the chief organs of the spiritual life'—again the word 'life'. But Mr. Johnstone interprets this sentence as meaning that 'art is justifiable in and for itself and needs no other justification'. But, on the contrary, art is justified as one of 'the chief organs' (and they sound utilitarian enough) of the spiritual life. The fact that a work of art is 'autonomous'—one of Fry's main contentions—does not mean that it has no purpose in life. The sun itself is autonomous in this sense.

Mr. Johnstone is very successful in bringing out the 'attitude to life' underlying the work of his three selected authors. His chapter on Strachey (who has been drooping under a critical cloud lately) is perhaps the best, because it makes us realise that beneath the tiresome irony and the affected style, there was a great devotion to truth and humanity. That, indeed, was the devotion of the whole group—a passionate devotion in Forster, and still a devotion in the more subjective and more passionate work of Virginia Woolf.

A great part of Mr. Johnstone's study is taken up with the detailed analysis of form and structure in the novels of E. M. Forster and Virginia Woolf. Most of this is illuminating, but sometimes it is too precious, especially when the author becomes conscious of 'rhythms'. 'One of the finest and most comprehensive rhythms that Forster employs is found in *Howards End*. It involves "hay"'. Yes, hay: not straw or carrots. Wisps of hay, bunches of hay, crops of hay—and, indeed, hay-fever. An obsession of this kind with a particular word or image is characteristic of every author's work, but, unless Mr. Forster bears witness to the contrary, we may hazard that in this case it is the unconscious up to its tricks again, and that there is nothing fine or comprehensive about it, least of all a comprehensive rhythm.

No Memorial. By Anthony Babington. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

So great must be the respect of every reader for the author of this book, for his courage in the face of almost Job-like adversity, that he may even miss the literary merits. Maimed so hideously during the war that he could neither walk, read, speak or even, at one point, think, Mr. Babington fought the battle for health with such a will, that he ended by not only passing

his law exams, but actually pleading in court—a successful barrister. Mr. Babington takes us through the whole chapter of his disasters, from that awful moment when the shell explodes in Holland; through the dumb realisation that he 'is no longer as other men', capable of thought transference only by signs; through the long and painful struggle from animal grunts to coherent sounds and speech—and then (it is almost as if he had decided that the hurdles he surmounts might as well be as high as possible), to the determination to make himself understood in the hardest school of all—before a judge and jury.

Experiences of this kind seem, judging from similar cases, to have two main beneficial results. First, to give a heightened sensibility of the simple but fundamental things most of us take for granted; flowers bending on their stems, the rustle of leaves, clouds scudding across the sky on a March morning—natural effects which a man lying for months motionless on his back sees with a new intensity. And secondly, as Mr. Babington says, to make one know 'the perfect joy of moving unnoticed in crowds and doing the ordinary things they are doing'—the pleasure, in short, of simply living. Here lies the main value of this book. Apart from the lively reporting of hospital life, of the problems confronting every newly-fledged barrister, Mr. Babington has pointed out, in his excellent prose, that good health and success can dull the perceptions; that we all, if physical disasters come to us, need not be the poorer for them. His book is indeed a memorial—to man's unconquerable mind.

George Herbert. By Margaret Bottrall. Murray. 15s.

George Herbert: His Religion and Art. By Joseph H. Summers. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

George Herbert's standing as a poet has suffered much the same ups and downs as that of his near-contemporary in prose, Thomas Fuller. Greatly admired in their own century, both writers were on the whole passed by in the march of mind of the eighteenth century; to the sophisticated readers of that enlightened age their apparent simplicity would no doubt have seemed naive, their wit irreverent, and their familiar approach to the Deity presumptuous. Both were restored to the full light of day by Coleridge, whose penetrating criticism of Herbert, like his eulogy of Fuller, was uncritically echoed by successive generations of Victorian writers. The poems of *The Temple* were taken up again partly, of course, by those for whom they were a simple and beautiful expression of a sincere Christian piety, partly by those who saw in them 'what a fine gentleman who was also a Christian and a Churchman might be'—a kind of seventeenth-century version of the Tennysonian Arthur.

Since the 'rediscovery' of the Metaphysical poets in the twenties and thirties of this century, there has been a tendency to regard Herbert as little more than a highly gifted hanger-on of Donne; Professor Empson and Miss Rosamund Tuve have been almost alone in considering his poems without special regard to his affinities with his metaphysical contemporaries. The writers of both the books under review are actively concerned to minimise the extent of Herbert's indebtedness to Donne. Mrs. Bottrall in a perceptive analysis of his cast of mind and his technique, and Professor Summers implicitly in his whole approach to the poems and explicitly in a note, both show that, in as far as the influence of other poets is relevant to an assessment of his poetic merits, he owes no more to Donne than to Sidney and other 'traditional' Elizabethan poets.

Of course many of the qualities that we associate with Donne actually are to be found in some measure in Herbert's poetry. There are metaphysical conceits, though they are of a much less startling nature than those of Donne. There is wit, but it is a wit that carries with it none of Donne's cynicism. There is the use of everyday and even colloquial language, together with a rejection of the conventional imagery of Elizabethan lyric; but whereas Donne tends to find his imagery in the realms of abstruse knowledge, Herbert's is drawn largely from the Bible and the liturgy, and the daily concerns of his rural parishioners. And there is in the work of both poets a sense of conflict. It is here, however, as Mrs. Bottrall so ably demonstrates, that they differ most fundamentally: the conflicts of Donne are those of a man at war with himself; conflicts reflected in Herbert's poetry take their rise rather from the paradoxes that are inherent in the Christian faith. In his calm assurance of the all-embracing love of God there is no room for the tortured doubts and self-searchings that characterise so many of Donne's Divine Poems.

Mrs. Bottrall gives, as a background to Herbert's works, a sympathetic and attractively presented study of his life and character; her careful handling of all the early authorities has produced a more complete and balanced account of his environment and activities than that of the unworldly Izaak Walton, who concentrates too much on the saintliness of Herbert in his last years to give a wholly just or credible impression of him. Her criticism of his writings, both of his themes and of his craftsmanship, is always fresh and illuminating, and she deserves special thanks for her appreciation of his unfairly neglected prose work, *A Priest to the Temple*.

After a short biographical chapter, Professor Summers shows how important an understanding of Herbert's religious beliefs is for a full understanding of his poetry. Then with copious and well-chosen illustration he considers various aspects of Herbert's poetic technique. Some of his most valuable sections deal with the relationship between the form and the content of the poems. Herbert is seen to have had little interest in patterns and acrostics and other 'quaint' metaphysical devices for their own sake; he valued them only in so far as they could help to give a deeper spiritual meaning to any particular poem, and his wit usually served the same purpose. Professor Summers shows too, as does Mrs. Bottrall, how constantly Herbert's delight in music is mirrored in his poetry.

From these two admirable books Herbert emerges as a highly original poet with a voice that is entirely his own. By cutting through the tiresome tradition of seeking in his work evidence of discipleship to this or the other contemporary 'school', Mrs. Bottrall and Professor Summers add a great deal to our understanding of him both as a man and as a poet.

Two-Gun Cohen

By Charles Drage. Cape. 16s.

Born in Stepney in 1889 of orthodox Jewish parents, Morris Abraham Cohen spent most of his early years in conflict with authority and in 1905 was shipped to Canada to make his way in the world, which his quick wits enabled him to do without difficulty. There he came into contact with the Chinese community which, appreciating his qualities of loyalty, shrewdness and physical courage, recruited him into the Chinese nationalist movement, with the result that he eventually went to China in 1922 as A.D.C. and bodyguard to Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

His biographer has wisely allowed him to speak as far as possible in his own colourful

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

Cecil Beaton's

personal history
of fashion and
the people
who have
influenced
it, during
the last
fifty years.
Illustrated by
nearly 200
drawings and
photographs
by the author
21s.

**THE
GLASS
OF FASHION**

Book Society Recommend

**Alan Yorke-Long
MUSIC AT COURT**

Introduction by
Professor Edward Dent
A study of the 18th-century
courts of Parma, Württem-
berg, Saxony and Prussia when
music and opera flourished
under royal patronage. 18s.

**Terence Spencer
FAIR GREECE,
SAD RELIC**

"Humorous and shrewd, a
wise philhellene and a pleasant
writer" — Cyril Connolly,
Sunday Times

Illustrated 25s.

FICTION

Saul Bellow

**THE
ADVENTURES OF
AUGIE MARCH**

Recommended by J. B. Priest-
ley, Angus Wilson, *The Daily
Telegraph*, *The Spectator*,
Time & Tide, *The Manchester
Guardian*, *John o'London's
Weekly*, *T.L.S.*, etc., etc. 15s.

John Goodwin

**THE IDOLS
AND THE PREY**

A brilliant new novel, about
Haiti, where the Negro cult of
Voodoo flourishes. 12s. 6d.

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

CASSELL

O.E.E.C., E.D.C., E.C.A., N.A.T.O.

*How much do YOU know of the work these organ-
isations have done for Europe—and for us?*

Fire in the Ashes

EUROPE IN MID-CENTURY

by THEODORE WHITE

has been written to make intelligible to all who will read, the complex problems which have arisen on the Continent and in Britain since 1945, the way in which these problems have been and are being faced, and their solutions. It explains the aims and objects of the numerous organisations which have been formed to ensure the best use of the enormous sums of money supplied by American aid, and their varying degrees of success or failure. It is not an economic treatise, nor does it make play with vast incomprehensible figures. It seeks to translate figures into deeds and problems into human experience. For the first time it is possible to see, as a whole and in true perspective, the picture of Europe rising from the ashes of despair.

1 map. 15/- net

*Is the H-bomb a menace or a blessing?***Strategy for the West**

by Marshal of the R.A.F. SIR JOHN SLESSOR

G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

In the midst of public clamour for the suppression of the H-bomb, Sir John Slessor argued, on the Television programme devoted to the subject, that the H-bomb was, in fact, the greatest insurance for peace that man has yet devised. It is this conviction which underlies the strategy which he proposes for the Western World in this book. This is a fascinating and confident work, which should cast a ray of hope into the gloom of public depression over the prospects for the future. 9/6 net

*A new novel in the tradition of the great Russian
writers of the past*

The Fall of a Titan

by IGOR GOUZENKO



is the town in which Gouzenko once lived. The people whose lives fill these crowded pages are real people who lived and joked and feared under the all-seeing eye of the Kremlin. This human picture of life in Soviet Russia, the life to which all mankind will be subjected if Communism spreads, will leave an indelible impression in the minds of all who read it.

16/- net

37-38, ST. ANDREW'S HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

* * * * * **FABER****Cousin Jan**

ANTONIA RIDGE

Another happy novel by the author of *Family Album*. Listeners to "Woman's Hour" have heard Mrs. Ridge reading *Cousin Jan* as a serial, and it has very recently been broadcast in the "A Book at Bedtime" programme. 10/6

Tell Freedom

PETER ABRAHAM

The South African novelist writes of his childhood and youth in the slums and environs of Johannesburg. It is a challenging and most readable story, told without bitterness, of an imaginative boy enduring the ordeals of extreme poverty and racial prejudice. 12/6

The Limits of the Earth

FAIRFIELD OSBORN

By the author of *Our Plundered Planet*. A vital consideration of a problem as urgent as the "H" bomb—how are the swarming millions of the world to be fed? Arnold Toynbee writes: "It gave me the feeling that I was being shown what the real problem of the Human Race will be recognized to be when the smoke and dust of present ideological conflicts have begun to settle." 12/6

The Modulor

LE CORBUSIER

Le Corbusier tells the story of his new measure to the human scale, setting forth its background, principles, and practical application. "Perhaps the most important of all his works." — JOSEPH RYKWERF: *Time & Tide*. With 16 photographs and 84 drawings. 25/-

**The Cantos
of Ezra Pound**

In this volume are collected all the sections of Mr. Pound's "poem of some length" so far published, including *The Pisan Cantos*. 25/-

**England and the
Italian Renaissance**

J. R. HALE

"What England 'got out' of Italy, both literally and metaphorically, from the end of the Renaissance itself to the end of the 19th century is the real subject of this book. . . . Not merely a detailed history of the growing realization of Italian achievement but also of the shifting patterns of English taste." — ERIC NEWTON: *Time & Tide*. 21/-

The Faber Gallery

New titles in the series, each with 10 or more colour plates. EL GRECO introduction and notes by Roger Hinks (9/6); KLEE: 2nd volume introduction and notes by Andrew Forge. (9/6)

* * * * * **FABER**

words, from which he emerges as a warm and engaging personality, even when engaged in the shadiest of business. In his twenty years in China he worked for and came into contact with many of the leading personalities of the nationalist movement, and he tells many good stories of them and of the tumultuous events in which he took part. Politics to him were

simply personalities, and his lack of any deeper understanding of the issues, particularly when he is dealing with events outside his own personal experience, results in a confusing and sometimes inaccurate picture of a crucial period in modern Chinese history.

The book ends, except for a brief epilogue, with his repatriation in 1943 from Japanese

internment, but the publisher's explanation that the gap in the story is due to 'security reasons' and that 'General Cohen's career is not yet finished' is made to look rather silly by several photographs showing him in the company of Chiang Kai-shek and members of his entourage on Formosa—a sad come down for the former trusted servant of Sun Yat-sen.

New Novels

Falling Stream. By Hester W. Chapman. Cape. 10s. 6d.

The World in the Evening. By Christopher Isherwood. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

The Joker. By Jean Malaquais. Collancz. 12s. 6d.

WHAT Henry James called 'that accursed autobiographic form' is the one thing these three novels have in common. I do not share James' aversion to the first person singular: using it as frequently as I do, I cannot object if other people also use it occasionally. But I do know I approach this kind of novel in a demanding mood. A story told in the third person is seen through a window. Given tolerable competence on the part of the author, these events could be happening anyway; I feel it is merely chance that I happen to look on. Nobody badgers me; I am free to get involved or to pass by. But when I am addressed personally, buttonholed by the first person singular, I find this such a positive approach that I demand a positive reason why I should stand and listen. The third-person author has the initial advantage of my detached belief. After all, he is not imposing anything on me. But the grey-beard loon has to 'sell' his story from the start; he has to prove his personality before I begin to believe, before I allow him the overwhelming advantage of intimacy and concentrated sympathy. As he fixes me with his eye, I reflect that the mask is really more convincing than the human face.

The 'I' of *Falling Stream* is Mary Henderson, aged fifty-two, a 'ghost' writer for inarticulate celebrities. She is unmarried (not counting a twelve-day marriage during the first world war) and is closely involved in the life of her friends, Edward and Laura Manning. Edward is the same age as Mary; Laura is nine years younger. Mary had hoped to marry Edward and is still in love with him. Laura, a weakly self-centred person, is dependent on Mary, who feels that her life, both professionally and privately, 'has been lived through and for other people.' Middle age produces a nervous crisis in Laura, an unstable person at best, and matters come to a head when the three are on holiday together in southern Italy. Laura's final breakdown coincides with the emergence of the long-suppressed affection between Mary and Edward.

This, it seems to me, would have been much better as a short story told in the third person. The emotional situation is interesting, but too thin for a full-length novel. Miss Chapman seeks to broaden the interest by introducing subsidiary characters and describing the Italian scene, but this is like wrapping more and more layers of brown paper round a rather small present. The narrator, Mary Henderson, never speaks with compelling necessity; her words do not break from her lips with personal liveliness, and indeed she turns out to be overbearing solemn. No story could survive a teller as colourless as this. And yet, seen from another angle, described in the third person, Mary might well appear comic, pathetic, alive.

This World in the Evening describes the life of Stephen Monk, a rich American, up to his present age (in 1941) of thirty-six, and the

story is told by Stephen himself. Why? We may enjoy stories about morons, if told by a person of creative intelligence. But a story told by a moron is a different matter.

When Stephen finds his second wife, Jane, being unfaithful to him at a Hollywood party he escapes to the security of his birthplace near Philadelphia, where he allows his wise old foster-mother to lick his emotional wounds. A street accident puts him in bed with a broken thigh, and he spends his time going through the letters of his first wife, Elizabeth Rydal, and telling us the story of their life together from 1926 until Elizabeth's death in 1935. Elizabeth Rydal, we are told, was a well-known English novelist, author of a book called *The World in the Evening*. (So this story within a story also conceals a title within a title.)

Stephen emerges as a weak, thoughtless character, mentally backward and sexually forward, moving in a contemptible circle and apparently satisfied with it. Novelists are asking a lot when they expect us to sympathise with their petulant princes. The story is told with glossy efficiency, in pastel colours suitably toned to the trite emotional situations; the effect is as smooth and unreal as Jane's skin:

There was a kind of golden bloom on it which you almost never see except on the bodies of idealised nudes on semi-pornographic wall-calendars put out by business firms.

Elizabeth is a real person; the others are stock figures. And even Elizabeth is threatened with extinction when the author drags in the names of people like Virginia Woolf, Hugh Walpole, E. M. Forster, who are mentioned as among Elizabeth's friends in London. Clearly Mr. Isherwood hopes this may help to persuade us that his heroine really lived. To me the effect is quite the opposite. I am being asked to achieve a compromise between imaginative belief and historical truth, and I cannot do it. The imagination will not be bludgeoned like this. The real names are from another sphere, like sunlight in a candle-lit room.

True art is a refracted vision of life, and this is what we get in *The Joker* by Jean Malaquais. Both *Falling Stream* and *The World in the Evening* are realistic in presentation, even to the extent, as we have seen, of introducing historical truth. *The Joker* is superficially unreal by rational standards, yet the total effect is of an intensity of truth which the other two novels never approach.

The 'I' of this story is a door-to-door salesman, Pierre Javelin, who hawks cosmetics for the 'National Institute of Beauty and Esthetics'. He works in an unspecified city at an unspecified period, but we soon realise that this world is the country of the mind, a nightmarish modern mind which pursues Pierre because he will not merge his individual personality into the collective personality of 'the City'. He returns from work one evening to find his key

does not fit the lock of his own flat; the door is opened by strangers who treat his inquiries as a huge joke; his wife Catherine is not there; the furniture is different. Unseen powers attempt to obliterate his identity, but he resists and searches for his wife, vital proof of his personal existence. He refuses to fly from the City, for to fly would be, as he says, 'a subtle form of "belonging"'.

Yes, Kafka. But no dull imitation. Malaquais shares Kafka's preoccupation with the seemingly accidental that turns out to be inevitable, but he tells his fantastic story with a personality entirely his own. We are swept along from the start by the bold extravagance of his imagination, instinctively aware of truth although we soar far beyond the frontiers of reason. There is no arguing with this narrator: we are involved in him without protest. We are transferred so urgently into Pierre's mind that we can almost smell the flesh of his lost and remembered Catherine as she swirls in his memory. Characters and scenes have the true artistic virtue of appearing both unique and typical. And the whole is suffused with wonderful humour, the defensive clairvoyance of a man battling against stupidity.

The ending, however, does violence to the tale. Thus far the story has been allowed free growth, but now the author feels compelled to tidy things up. He asserts his rational self—and the result is disastrous. He might just as well have tried to bind the outermost tips of a tree into a rational system, for his story is equally organic. This kind of novel cannot end; it can only be broken off. So when Malaquais tries to explain and give us a conventional conclusion, he cannot do it. He has gone beyond explanation; that is why the book, up to this point, is a work of art and not a social treatise. The author is extremely fortunate in his translator, Herma Briffault.

Also recommended is *Stephen Crane: an Omnibus*, edited with introduction and notes by R. Wooster Stallman (Heinemann, 21s.), which contains 'all of Stephen Crane that anyone but an expert student will care to read'. I have not met that elusive bird, the expert student, but I shall treasure this volume not only for Crane's fine writing but also for the decisive evidence of *The Red Badge of Courage* that imagination can knock spots off experience any day. Mr. Stallman provides informative prefaces and fascinating footnotes. My favourite footnote occurs in *The Red Badge of Courage* where Henry suddenly recognises the dying soldier and screams 'Gawd! Jim Conklin!' 'Henry's exclamation', runs Mr. Stallman's footnote 'suggests an identification of Jim Conklin with God'. If I am moved to remark 'Gawd, Mr. Stallman!', it does not mean I suggest an identification of Mr. Stallman with God.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A View of Club Life

FOR A LARGE PART of our lives it did not occur to many of us to bother about whether this friend or that acquaintance was or was not Jewish. It seemed to be of no importance, though one dimly understood that there were classes of Jew who had their own policy of exclusiveness. Hitler made the so-called Jewish question an affair of the general consciousness. A far more startling change of emphasis is the impending acceptance of the coloured peoples as equals in the world scene. The process has been accelerated to its climax over so brief a period of history that our children will remember when it was unusual and perhaps unthinkable to talk to a black man and when, suddenly, it was so no longer.

In the last few days some of the personal problems arising out of this new situation have prompted forceful discussion in television programmes. That is in itself a novelty, for it would hardly have been thought a pressing topic for

type of youth club and in that sense it is a tribute to the loyal, anonymous labours of the men and women who have shaped and led the youth club movement in this country. The result is a programme that might become too high-minded but which at present shows no sign of doing so. Its young *compère*-assistant, Barry Macgregor, has developed an unaffected self-assurance which must greatly encourage the relays of guests in London coming before the cameras for the first time. With Max Robertson in charge, an admirable exemplar of studio poise, the programme seems set for wide popular esteem. Now I expect to hear that it will be coming off.

'Asian Club', last week, had Alastair Hetherington as guest and very good and loud and clear he was in answering the questions put to him by the representatives of several eastern lands. Tuning in a little late, I missed the introductory part and remain in ignorance of his qualifications for giving public utterance to opinions on world matters. He seemed to be thoroughly well up in many aspects of them.

Always worth hearing, always worth seeing, 'Asian Club', which doubles between sound radio and television, evokes a vivid awareness of the surging problems of the east. Partisanship often shows up strongly and occasionally the note of patronage falls uncomfortably on the English ear. It is important, I suggest, that the guest speaker should always be capable of parrying the thrusts of the oriental mind, which exhibits in the programme a tendency to deny this country the generosity shown, for example, to the Negroes who recently swarmed at Hyde Park Corner bearing on their fronts and backs the proclamation, 'Get Out of Kenya'! 'Asian Club' is a preserve of the young, and magnanimity, alas, is an emotion only of maturity.

During the week there was



Sir Arthur Bliss, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, in 'The Composer Speaks' on June 18



'Teleclub' on June 15. Right: 'Asian Club' on June 16, with Alastair Hetherington as guest speaker and Shaktuntala Shrinagesh in the chair

public debate as few as five years ago. The other night the young people of 'Teleclub' made it the subject of an intelligently worked out little dramatic study in which an English girl fell for a Negro medical student lodging in her parents' house. Likewise, in 'Asian Club', which also reflects the views and interests of a younger generation, the more intimate confrontation of west with east drew a number of penetrating comments.

So much the better for television and the democracy which it serves. Race intermixing may or may not be a saving force in the human struggle for survival. One can pontify with more certainty about the value of level-headed discussions such as these.

'Teleclub' is much improved; its meaning and purpose appear to have been more sharply defined than at its beginning some months ago, when the jive mood threatened to dominate its activities. Now it has caught the tone of the best



future of the sport. Unless the microphones were throttled down, the crowd response was much less than it used to be. The race for the television trophy was exciting for nearly three minutes, after which we saw the charming Sylvia Peters doing a 'lap of honour' with the victors, the English team. Not even she could set the programmes waving as of old.

'Driving Club' had its moments, considerably more than the speedway event, all neatly linked by Raymond Baxter's commentary, efficient as usual. 'Proving Ground', on Saturday night, was more severely technical but I found it strangely beguiling to watch, thanks to a well-organised production in which the change-over from one camera point to another, and from Raymond Baxter, again, to James Petridge, was always smoothly done, a model outside broadcast performance.

Sir Arthur Bliss was first-rate in 'The Composer Speaks', an accomplished talker on a fascinating theme. 'Press Conference' had Arthur Deakin up for questioning: that was worth seeing and hearing, too. 'World Football', via Eurovision, was patchy, shall we say? I much enjoyed the Swiss sunshine in the match between Scotland and Uruguay.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Galaxy

THE LARKSPUR LISTENS, 'I hear I hear'; and the lily whispers, 'I wait'. Everything in the garden is lovely, but it is 'Come out of the garden, Maud, I am here at the screen alone'. In other words, I find it difficult at this time of year not to let extraneous considerations of the temperature temper my judgement. When it pours and freezes during long June evenings I am more than satisfied with what television has to offer; when it is a golden evening, with the sun still high in the heavens, I find only the most enthralling programmes keep my mind off lawns and nicotinas.

Still I should have been sorry, along with millions of other Sunday watchers, to miss Lady Barnett in 'What's My Line?' asking a milkmaid if the service she (the milkmaid) provided would benefit her (Lady Barnett). Not edifying, 'even on a weekday', as a governess I knew used to phrase it. This game is now due for a rest and it seems a good moment to say how much fun it has given. The idols, more famous than any artists, soldiers, or statesmen in our country's history, household gods one and all, must rest in the knowledge that their labours, tempers, ear-rings, and false bonhomie have provided a cultural background and talking points for millions otherwise mute and inglorious. I also think it the moment to ask, point blank: Is the thing faked? Many, many times recently, it has seemed to me indisputable that the guessers have been in possession of some general hint as to the professions likely to appear during the evening. If I am wrong, I apologise. If I am right—well, never mind.

The week's programmes reminded me of one of Sir Alan Herbert's indignant ladies whose refrain was ever 'What's all this talk about Love?' meaning 'Why don't we hear more about the Girl Guides and Things of That Kind?' But Pan is abroad in the midsummer week, and even at other times love is what has always made the stage revolve. This week it has been well represented: with realism, love during the airift, in Iain MacCormick's second play of his much admired cycle; with nostalgic, bitter sweetness in the so-excruciatingly Viennese 'Liebele!' of Schnitzler. They ought to have announced that this was by the author of 'La Ronde' if they wanted the listening figures to soar! Sweet sighing stuff, *ach was!* with the uniforms, so schön, ze handsome officer (Peter

Wynearde), ze leedle milliner (Zena Marshall), and, not least, the Kreisler tune on the fiddle. We should have more Schnitzler, and produced by Rudolph Cartier too.

There are Jeremiahs who assert that our theatre is dying. I always wish I had one of them (preferably by the neck) at one of these all-star *matinées* or *spectacles coupés* with which the Profession exhibits its huge charitable heart by mounting super-productions of tried favourites for nothing, while the least among them plays the lead (and has to learn all the lines) and the most lordly walks on with a tea tray or enacts the second footman.

Some people, of course, sneer. But the childish streak in us which enjoys such galas is not to be snubbed. I love the sort of bill we had on Sunday night, and, after all, if the ballet and the opera put on mixed programmes of tit-bits, why should not the 'legit'? This celebration of the R.A.D.A. jubilee, called 'We Live to Please', had a solitary disadvantage. It was given direct from the R.A.D.A. theatre (Vanbrugh Theatre, in memory of a great lady of the stage) before an audience which was enjoying it hugely but in a different way from us, with laughs registering differently from those awakened in us, the close-in watchers. Moreover, clever and thrusting though the lenses, we couldn't always be in the right spot at the right moment, so that in the ever brilliant 'Shall We Join the Ladies?' we missed what must often have been very good acting indeed, to judge by the point of the chin or the lobe of the ear of the player concerned.

The galaxy of actresses in this sketch was enough to take your breath away, and how



Barrie's 'Shall We Join the Ladies?' on the stage of the Vanbrugh Theatre, Gower Street, in the television programme 'We Live to Please', in which distinguished actors and actresses celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art on June 20

good they were! Fabia Drake, Beatrix Lehmann, the two most formidable; Sonia Dresdel a runner-up, smoking like a tigress, or those tigresses who are not non-smokers; Valerie Taylor rising 'frighted with false fire' with superbly timed effect, Eleanor Summerfield and Margareta Scott coolly sub-acid, Jill Bennett enigmatic. And then Hugh Williams as the butler—what could have been better? Or Mervyn Johns, presiding over the unhappy dinner party? Most enjoyable.

I suspect that we at home enjoyed 'The Lady's Not for Burning' more than the invited audience did: we were closer. I suspect they enjoyed the 'Othello' extract more than we: they were further off. But it made a good evening—sunset missed, or no.

Two minutes after Miss Yvonne Arnaud had embarked on a piece by Mendelssohn, our screens went dead. Rage! Miss Arnaud is hardly less gifted as pianist than as actress: when I hear her play, I think 'Well, no wonder she makes you cry with laughter in comedy; listen to that phrasing, that timing'. However, without the breakdown we should not, I suppose, have had Miss Arnaud's enactment of a 'philosophical attitude' when she was restored to us, with a little squawk of Gallic laughter which, to me, personally was quite the most delightful sound of the week.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

[The caption to the photograph of the play 'The Good Partners' on page 1065 of THE LISTENER last week should have read, 'Paul Carpenter as Sergeant Kutsky and Sheila Burrell as Anna']

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

In the Purple

THE PAGEANT-CHRONICLE of 'Henry the Eighth' (Home) was born into the purple. It has been played on high occasions; there are purple patches enough for any cast. We have just heard it used for a radio celebration of Dame Sybil Thorndike's jubilee in the theatre. Katharine is, anyway, one of Dame Sybil's major parts; she spoke it with an imagination that called to ours, making us see the queen as she stood regal before the court at Blackfriars, or swept out with



Yvonne Arnaud at the piano, on June 20

HARRAP

2nd IMPRESSION

Mr. Showbusiness

VIC OLIVER

'One of the liveliest autobiographies of recent years'—*Yorks Evening Post* Illus. 10s. 6d.

2nd IMPRESSION

Cherrill of the Yard

FRED CHERRILL

The autobiography of "The Fingerprint Man". "Exciting enough to take the edge off most thrillers."—*Sphere*. Illustrated. 15/-

Harrap Novels

2nd IMPRESSION

The Betrayers

RUTH CHATTERTON

Author of *Homeward Borne* (20th thous.). A dramatic story of present day Washington. Alan Melville: "An adult, angry and provocative story... I bet Ed Murrow loved it."—*BBC broadcast*. 12/6

3rd IMPRESSION

Soldier, Sail North

JAMES PATTINSON

Might be called *The Cruel Sea* of the Merchant Navy. "One of the finest war novels I have yet read."—*Belfast News-Letter*. "Very good."—*Eastern Daily Press*. 10/6

2nd IMPRESSION

The Road Home

GEORGE VAIZEY

A dramatic story of the medical world. "I just could not put it down."—*Liverpool Evening Express*. 9/6

The Print Petticoat

LUCILLA ANDREWS

A vivid first novel of hospital life which has already had the distinction of being serialised in a woman's monthly magazine. 9/6

* Simultaneous publication in Guild Books

The Quaker Bride

JANET WHITNEY

An historical novel about a young bride from America deceived into marriage with an unscrupulous gambler. Most of the story is set in London during the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. By the author of *Jennifer, Intrigue in Baltimore*, etc. 12/6

Shepherd

WILLIAM LAKE

A vigorous story of sheep-farming in the unfamiliar surroundings of Tierra del Fuego. The author recaptures the spartan life of a huge sheep station with great success; the tearing winds, the loneliness, the dangers and the rough companionship of the men, all combine to make a rousing adventure story. 10/6

HARRAP

Three new titles in the World's Classics

Joseph Vance

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

de Morgan combines with a high-Victorian humour and an acute eye for oddity of character, an unVictorian certainty of control over sentiment and pathos.

Double Volume 8s. 6d. net

South African Explorers

Selected and introduced by ERIC AXELSON

Most of the exploration in this area has been the work of men of action rather than men of letters: this anthology strikes a balance between achievement and expression. 5s. net

The Book of Margery Kempe 1436

A Modern Version by W. BUTLER-BOWDON

This edition reprints the modernized version published in 1934 immediately after the discovery of the original. Recognised as a major addition to English literature and devotional self-revelation, it is charming and profound. 5s. net

The World's Classics now comprises three volume sizes:

Standard 5s. net Medium 6s. net Double 8s. 6d. net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE COMMUNICATION OF IDEAS**A Study of Contemporary Influences on Urban Life**

by T. CAUTER and J. S. DOWNHAM

with a foreword by Sir Arthur Bowley

Emeritus Professor of Statistics in the University of London

WHAT, in our world today, influences the thoughts, opinions and actions of the average man or woman? How are ideas and attitudes transmitted from one person to another? The answers to these questions are increasingly important in our complex civilization; but before we get to this stage, we need to know the extent to which the individual is exposed to the various channels of intercommunication.

This book breaks new ground: it presents, with other information, the results of original research on this subject—a detailed Field Survey among the people of Derby. The extent to which people visit pubs and clubs, concerts and cinemas, sporting events and theatres; how much they read, and what; what they do about listening to the radio or watching television—all this is of basic concern to everyone interested in the springs of public and private opinion.

GRAHAM HUTTON SAYS: "I am fascinated and impressed by the array of results from this skilful, accurate and most valuable research. It makes one wonder why it was never done before, and how one will ever stop quoting it in future."

Price 25/-

Published for THE READER'S DIGEST Association Limited

by Chatto & Windus

DENT

Manzoni

and his Times

Archibald Colquhoun

The first biography in English of the great Italian literary figure, a giant who is to Italians what Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, and Thackeray rolled into one would be to us: by the translator of Manzoni's masterpiece, *The Betrothed* (*I Promessi Sposi*). Fully illustrated. 21s.

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMEND

The Darkness under the Earth

Norbert Casteret

The chief of all cave-explorers describes the discovery of ice caverns in the Pyrenees—and the accidents and dangers of which every 'pot-holer' should be aware. With 28 photographs. 15s.

Everyman's Library**Napoleon's Letters**

Some 300 of the most interesting letters, chosen and translated by J. M. Thompson to illustrate every side of Napoleon's character and his career from Ajaccio to St Helena. 6s.

Persian Poems

Chosen by A. J. Arberry from some 25 Persian poets in English translations—from Fitzgerald's *Omar* and the 18th century to the work of Gertrude Bell and Prof. Arberry himself. 6s.

THE INDIFFERENT HORSEMAN

S. T. COLERIDGE

MAURICE CARPENTER

A penetrating analytical biography of this most fascinating personality in English literature. 25s.

EARTH

ÉMILE ZOLA

A new translation of one of Zola's most important works, which has not been available to English readers since 1889. July 15s.

ANAHUAC

MARC CHADOURNE

The author whom Andre Maurois calls 'one of the best writers of his generation' brings to the reader the very essence of Mexico. Ill. 18s.

Book Society Recommendation

DICTATORS FACE TO FACE

DINO ALFIERI

The inside story of the relationship between Hitler and Mussolini told by the Italian ambassador to Germany of the period. July Illustrated. 25s.

AFRICAN TURMOIL

IAN McDUGALL

A book which catches in print the impassioned fire that is leaping through a part of Africa today. Illustrated. 16s.

ELEK

magnificence on 'I will not tarry'. She touched us as she should when Katharine, unqueened but to the last a queen (and deeply human), faded towards her death at Kimbolton.

I am not sure that every listener would have applauded Clemence Dane. With the fearful task of clipping this three hours' play to about an hour and a half, she could have offered certain uncut scenes and sacrificed any pretence of continuity, or she could have kept to the Shakespeare-Fletcher run and slashed the text. She chose the second way, cutting, telescoping, and rearranging with a bravery that, as a rule, conquered, though even the least idolatrous must have missed such a line as Wolsey's 'and sounded all the depths and shoals of honour'. The play is in royal purple and gold; and, personally, I like to have all the gold threads. Still, to have moaned at the Thorndike jubilee would have been greed: it was much that Katharine's part remained fairly complete.

Purple patches enough were left for everyone. Sir John Gielgud, going to 'the long divorce of steel', got us to weep for Buckingham, though I could have wished that the crowd he was addressing had wept less audibly; Sir Ralph Richardson's Wolsey fell like a bright exhalation; and Robert Donat spoke fervently what remained of Cranmer. Practically every name in the cast glittered. Sir Laurence Olivier was there with the Porter's half a dozen lines somewhere among the brawl. Ralph Truman had, as it were, to sound like a Holbein, and he made a good job of it; Athene Seyler's voice brimmed as the Old Lady about the court; and we would have had no one but Sir Lewis Casson in the serenity of Griffith ('such an honest chronicler as Griffith'). It is common form to grumble that, as a rule, star casts disappoint. Here there was no need for the stencil-phrase. Nothing could have shone more graciously than this constellation seen for one night in the heavens—call it the constellation of Melpomene—in honour of a great lady of the stage. Peter Watts and Audrey Cameron produced, or (let us say) adjusted the telescope for us.

I felt that 'Sire Halewyn' (Third) was one prolonged purple patch: the purple of an anvil of thundercloud. But the play should be in winter storm. I cannot imagine how it acts on the stage. Radio would seem to be the one place for Michel de Ghelderode's invention, for this dire medieval night when snow is like a winding-sheet over the plain of Flanders, and wild songs hang in the air, and horns and trumpets ring through all the spaces of the dark across 'the free realm of Ostrelende'. It is hard to 'see' the play in the theatre; there it might be tumid and unreal. Radio impressed it on our minds. Anthony Jacobs was in growling fury; and Nicolette Bernard as the young Purnelende of Ostrelende (the dramatist and Gerard Hopkins, his translator, enjoy the sound of the proper names) did much with the dream scene when the girl strikes at those doors with the gold, silver, and iron knockers. R. D. Smith's production held the atmosphere.

The two ancients who are the most endearing people in 'Just Fancy' (Home) might not have found these atmospherics impressive. Their own natural hue is a gentle grey—though they feel in the pink—and they would have babbled off from the Middle Ages into a mist of irrelevancies. Recently we travelled with the amiable buffers in a train that was taking them in the wrong direction. They took it appreciatively as 'a jolly good outing', and talked on as usual with a vague, ample deliberation, ending, at cross-purposes, in a kind of mad antiphon, one mind fixed upon a burglary, the other upon life in Kuala Lumpur. Eric Barker and Deryck Guyler steered them along with unceasing guile. I hope that 'Just Fancy' will live up to this pair: the rest of the programme I heard was laborious.

Last, a zestful performance (Home) of Robert Morley's 'Goodness, How Sad', in which the Show Goes On. Mr. Morley has an affection for 'rep' (mercifully, he is not tritely cynical about it), and his little comedy is not much frayed. I was glad to hear Marjorie Westbury's landlady saying 'Hoity-toity!', and I regretted, yet again, that we never met the omniscient Mr. Priskin, one of those characters always just off-stage. Undoubtedly, if he did appear he would be a purple patch.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

A Successful Broadcast

THE SPOKEN WORD was uttered last week in a variety of forms and colours which rivalled those pyrotechnical displays with which in earlier days the Crystal Palace used to dazzle an admiring public. Sir Kenneth Clark led off with an inspiring talk called 'Moments of Vision', a shorter version of his Romanes Lecture delivered at Oxford last month, in which, with a galaxy of literary allusions, he spoke of those flashes of intensified vision in which familiar objects are revealed in a new and transforming light to the eye of the artist and, through him, to us, so that as we look at a certain picture or other work of art we inexplicably possess it and are possessed by it. It was an enthralling excursion into the metaphysic of art.

Another excellent talk of a metaphysical kind was given two days later by Rex Warner, introducing a new series of those Tuesday morning broadcasts for the schools under the heading of 'Religion and Philosophy'. The subject of this new series is 'Myths and their Significance for Religion'. In this opening talk, called 'What is a Myth?', Mr. Warner defined the myth as a story which may not be literally true but which points in the direction of truth; an attempt to explain the nature of man or the universe in terms which lie outside the logic of prose.

Henry Raynor, taking a quotation from Browning—'The C Major of This Life'—as his title, traced the changing attitude to music as shown in the poets in a talk which almost amounted to an anthology in the copiousness of its illustrations. Beginning with the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, among whom Shakespeare and Milton are, of course, full of references to music, he traced his theme through Dryden and Collins to the Romantics and on to Browning who, as a pianist, not only loved music but wrote of it with a musician's understanding. Among later poets he picked out Bridges and de la Mare. This broadcast was much enhanced by the beautiful reading of the poetry by Jill Balcon and Alan Wheatley. Later the same evening there was 'Talking of Changes in Morals' between Rose Macaulay and John Betjeman, in which, it seemed to me, the mental and temperamental incompatibility of the two talkers prevented the discussion from developing as interestingly as it might have done.

And now I come to the 'set-piece' of the week's display, a two-hour programme called 'Should Germany be Rearmed?' This huge broadcast involved an enormous number of speakers, English, American, Canadian, French, Belgian, German, some of the contributions being recordings, others translations from French or German, and it marched at a brisk pace with a fall-out of only fifteen minutes in the middle of it. It opened with a clear and succinct survey of the historical background to E.D.C. by Vernon Bartlett, and this was followed by an appreciation of 'The Military Situation in Western Europe' by General Gruenther and General Lauris Norstad in replies to questions from Colin Wills. Thenceforward the views of the United Kingdom on German rearmament, as gathered from politicians, military experts,

local government councillors, industrial employees and workers, and all sorts and conditions of men and women, were reported by Edward Ward, and Colin Wills presented a similar report from France. Joseph Harsch spoke for America in a recording made in New York, and Paul Henri Spaak, speaking for the Benelux countries, was read in translation. Ewan Butler's report was gathered from interviews with Germans in the course of a journey through western Germany. The summaries given at the end of each half of the programme by Matthew Halton were of great help in keeping the main strands of fact and opinion in focus. Finally, in an epilogue, Herbert Morrison gave the orthodox socialist view and Anthony Eden that of the Government in a talk recorded in Geneva.

Such a prolonged multifarious programme, on a theme devoid of any aesthetic element, a theme which, in fact, is bewildering and harrowing, might well have exhausted the most determined listener, and so it must speak volumes for the skill in the presentation of this mass of information that, to speak for myself, I was carried along with unflagging attention from start to finish and, what is much more, I was left at the end with a clear impression of the whole problem.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Showing the Flag

DURING THE PAST WEEK the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent, and with Clifford Curzon in attendance as pianist-in-ordinary, have been giving German and Dutch audiences some samples of music by living British composers. The goods displayed had evidently been chosen to afford some idea of the range and diversity of our achievement, especially during the years since the war. For wit and technical ingenuity in handling the orchestra there was Britten's 'Variations on a Theme of Purcell' or 'What a Young Musician Ought to Know about Instrumentation'; for a grand design evoked by an emotional response to contemporary events there was Vaughan Williams' Symphony in E minor, with his early Tallis Fantasia to display his power of organising a complex musical pattern and his noble eloquence on a lofty theme; and there was Rawsthorne's Second Piano-forte Concerto to prove that an Englishman can apply the principles of classical concerto-form and find things to say in it which are original and amusing and not at all pompous. There was, besides, from the inter-war years the Symphony of William Walton which after twenty years makes its forceful impact afresh with its outpouring of violent rhetoric, its high-strung passion, and its sharp, uncomfortable sayings. It is still a work to make the listener 'sit up' during such a performance as we heard from Amsterdam.

The classics had their place in the programmes, so that the orchestra's hosts might hear how they play Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, with Dvofak and Tchaikovsky representing the nineteenth century.

Mr. Curzon gave a beautiful performance of Rawsthorne's Second Concerto, with which he has been associated from the beginning. This may not be so great a work as its predecessor, but it is an extremely attractive one. There is surely enough solemnity in the musical world to make it a matter for rejoicing when a composer chooses to write gaily. The pianist brought the same elegant, delicate style to Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, and within the limits of that style gave a finely calculated performance. This is, of course, a possible and truly classical reading. Still, the music is bigger than that, and one wonders what the Rhinelanders thought of this diminution of its heroic stature. On such an

POLITICS & OPINION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

John Bowle

'He has written a work of high purpose and intelligence.' *FINANCIAL TIMES*

'His quotations are well chosen. He enlivens his rather dusty subject with a sly humour.' *Raymond Mortimer in the SUNDAY TIMES* 25s.

HUMAN BEHAVIOUR IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP

Elie A. Cohen

Dr. Elie Cohen was a prisoner in concentration camps from 1942 to 1945. He has therefore written this book from the grimdest and most direct personal experience, yet he has been able to write with a calm objectivity without hatred. 18s.

All prices are net

JONATHAN CAPE

NEVIL SHUTE Slide Rule

This is the famous novelist's own story of his boyhood and his life in flying and aircraft and airship production. He has much to say about the R-100 and the R-101, and the narrative is packed with fascinating experience and pungent comment. Out Next Monday

Illus. 18s.



MAJ.-GEN. SIR EDWARD SPEARS Prelude to Dunkirk

General Spears was Churchill's personal representative to the French Government in 1939-40, and this is the record of his mission, told in absorbing detail with unforgettable vividness and clarity.

Illus. 25s.

HEINEMANN

Beckford's Journal in Portugal & Spain

1787



1788

In 1834 William Beckford, owner of Fonthill and author of *Vathek*, published a highly polished work of which one volume described his travels as a young man in Spain and Portugal. The original journals, which differ considerably from the volume of 1834, are now for the first time printed, edited by BOYD ALEXANDER. Being an accomplished and wealthy man of 27, Beckford captivated Portuguese high society. His account is set down with immense vivacity. Those who know Beckford only from his confected books cannot fail to enjoy this uninhibited journal.

Illustrated. 30s.

RUPERT HART-DAVIS



ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE

by

HENRY CECIL

10s. 6d.

MISS ELIZABETH JENKINS writes: 'The inner ring of Henry Cecil's public wants only to know that the book is written by him. Those who are not yet addicts may like to learn that in this one they will find a legal background of absorbing interest and Mr. Cecil's own vein of indescribable humour.'

JONES

A Gentleman of Wales

by

TWM TEG

12s. 6d.

A gay and riotously fantastic book by an author who prefers to remain anonymous. The central figure is presented partly by himself, partly by those who knew him, partly by the local press, and partly by a narrator. The story is written in a most entertaining variety of styles and the author is well acquainted with life in Wales, of which he gives a pungent though entrancing picture.

CHAPMAN & HALL

New ways to hear Old Masters



For people who know what they like, and like the best, E.A.R. offer a range of superb Record Reproducers, each without parallel in its own particular sphere. Their technical excellence greatly increases the enjoyment of listening to recorded music.

The E.A.R. Concert Reproducer

Beautifully styled acoustically treated cabinet in walnut or mahogany finish. The Concert Reproducer realises to a startling degree of fidelity the possibilities of modern recording. Size 32" x 17 1/2" x 16 1/2".

- 8 watt push-pull amplifier
- Collaro 3-speed changer
- Bass and Treble Boost
- 10" Loudspeaker 12,000 line

PRICE 48 GNS. Inc. Tax

(Auto Model)

Non-Auto 45 GNS. Inc. Tax

The E.A.R. 'Bantam' 16 GNS. 3-Speed Microgram (Inc. Tax)

In spite of its low price, the 'Bantam' maintains the E.A.R. reputation for high quality reproduction. Plays all records with the LID CLOSED. Loudspeaker and controls in front of the instrument. Collaro motor. Finished in attractive two-tone or grey lizard Rexine. Weighs only 15 lb.

For details of the complete range including the famous A750 High Fidelity Portable, and address of your nearest dealer, write to:-



Electric Audio Reproducers Ltd.

(Incorporating PhonoDisc Ltd.)

LITTLE ST. LEONARDS, MORTLAKE, LONDON, S.W.14.

PROspect 4466 (3 lines)



PETER NEVILL

THE

RAM ESCAPES

THE STORY OF A
VICTORIAN CHILDHOOD

LEONORA EYLES

'I could think of no other book as the greatest of 1953.'

JOHN O'LONDON

12s. 6d.

THE

BRONTE LETTERS

EDITED AND WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY

MURIEL SPARK

'From them one can gain more understanding than from a dozen biographies.' THE QUEEN 13s. 6d.

THE

HOMOSEXUAL OUTLOOK

JOHN WEBSTER CORY

'This book is important from several points of view, social, medical and psychological.' KENNETH WALKER in THE LISTENER 'Unique in the history of serious homosexual literature.'

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL 18s.

50 OLD BROMPTON ROAD
LONDON, S.W.7

occasion it would, perhaps, have been wiser to give them Mozart, whose A major Concerto (which Mr. Curzon plays superbly) was included in Saturday's programme at Amsterdam.

Gluck's 'Alceste', broadcast from Glyndebourne on Thursday, provided once more an experience of unusual beauty. It is no use pretending that it is not a work which the listener must meet half-way. The dramatic conflict does not thrust itself at him, and a great deal of the music is concerned with mourning either for Admetus or Alceste, so that a certain monotony of mood prevails. But these weaknesses are superficial. Beyond them is a spiritual grandeur of theme expressed in the loftiest manner imaginable. Despite the fact that, for a true appreciation of its stature, this performance must be seen in its impressive setting designed

by Sir Hugh Casson, much more of its quality comes over the air than did in the broadcasts of 'The Barber' with its complicated intrigue and swift comic action. We can more easily visualise the statuesque dignity of Alceste, the anguish of Admetus, and the jovial strength of Hercules from the sound of their voices.

The chief burden of the opera rests upon Alceste, who is on the stage most of the time. Magda Laszlo again sustains this burden with regal dignity and a sustained flow of beautiful vocal tone. There is, perhaps, rather too little variety of colour in her singing for so long a part and she is apt to sound too dispassionate, as though she were not personally involved in the drama. Still, it is a noble performance which has grown in stature, and may yet add greater variety of expression to its other qualities.

Admetus remains a difficult and, on the surface, an unrewarding part. It is all the more to the credit of Richard Lewis that he wrings from it much reward for himself and for the audience. By sheer good singing and dramatic declamation—his words were exceptionally audible—he contrived to raise his scene with Alceste in the second act on to the plane of tragic conflict.

I cannot say that the French of any of the singers was correct by absolute standards. And it must be remarked that this is a serious defect in the performance. In all other respects, and particularly in Vittorio Gui's handling of the music, which he brings to life in all its nobility, the performance was about as good as one could imagine.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Music of Lennox Berkeley

By WILFRID MELLERS

'A Dinner Engagement' will be broadcast at 9.45 p.m. on Thursday, July 1 (Third)

WHEN Lennox Berkeley was born, fifty years ago, the British renaissance was gathering its initial impetus; it was essentially a nationalistic movement. After so many years of Teutonic hegemony, Holst and Vaughan Williams felt that it was necessary to rediscover our native roots in folk-song, in medieval monody and organum, and in Tudor polyphony. But British composers could not passively retreat to a past that was, for better or worse, unequivocally remote; having found again their national heritage, they had once more to re-establish contact with the traditions of Europe. Thus composers of a later generation than Holst and Vaughan Williams—such as Bliss and, still later, Walton—were able to bypass the folk-song and Tudor revivals; they found their natural vein of a re-created Elgarian romanticism by way of the Parisian sophistications of the nineteen-twenties. Other composers, also around fifty, have approached an English idiom by the apparently circuitous path of a Hindemithian contrapuntal discipline. Alan Bush's fantasia-like serial technique is a case in point; so are the madrigalian polyrhythm of Michael Tippett and the prevalent false relations of Alan Rawsthorne.

'Central European' techniques had no influence on Lennox Berkeley's early development; yet he too had no contact with the Brahmsian romanticism of the Parry-Stanford generation, or the conscious nationalism of Holst and Vaughan Williams. He took up the serious study of music rather late—after he left Oxford in 1926. Then, for a period of seven years, he not only deliberately based his style on French models but, as a pupil of Nadia Boulanger, lived in Paris and attempted to become a part of a French tradition. Except negatively—as a corrective to our inflated national consciousness—this was perhaps a dangerous start. Bliss and Walton could, like Lord Berners, make use of the tricks of the naughty 'twenties to create satirical genre pieces; it was a different matter for a British composer to adopt a Poulenc-like idiom as his staple language.

If so pertly simple and (sometimes) simply banal a style is to convince, it must have the backing of a society and a 'way of life', as it does in the comic genius of Chabrier or at a lower level in Offenbach and the lyrical allure of Poulenc's songs. The weakness of Berkeley's early Parisian music consists in the lack of any such lyrical conviction. Formally the works follow Stravinsky in being derived from the patterned figurations of classical baroque music. The har-

mony is mainly diatonic, with occasional 'wrong' notes and (as in Poulenc) some unexpectedly lush ninths and elevenths. Again, these voluptuous sentimentalisms—the emergence of the Massenet that is said to lurk in the heart of every Frenchman—must be believed in by the composer if he expects others to believe in them. In early Berkeley they are apt to sound knowing; and it is probable that Berkeley withdrew most of these Parisian pieces because he came to feel that he had not achieved a satisfying integration between the linear elements on the one hand, and the harmony on the other. Of those works that survive, the oratorio 'Jonah' is the largest and reveals most comprehensively the basic features of Berkeley's technique. But the most successful of these early works are undoubtedly the least pretentious—in particular a song such as 'D'un vanneur de blé', which although in a sense pastiche is also a delightful and typical tune. The fact that the piece is a song, and unambiguously tuneful, is significant in the light of the composer's later development.

For it would hardly be extravagant to say that Berkeley's growth to maturity has been a growth in lyrical conviction; and that as lyricism has become the essence of his music, so he has translated his French idiom into English. The turning point in his career is undoubtedly the Symphony of 1940. Perhaps one was at the time a little surprised that Berkeley should have tackled a symphony at all; certainly one didn't expect his symphony to approach the heroic conflict of the Beethovenian ideal. It is true that his Symphony resembles Haydn more than Beethoven; yet Berkeley reminds us that the mature Haydn is a composer of grandeur and tragic pathos as well as of wit. His Symphony is a big work, though neither its duration in time nor its instrumental resource is extravagant. While the influence of the later Stravinsky remains dominant in the elliptical treatment of classical form and in the transparent orchestral texture, the music has acquired much greater melodic force than is observable in the Parisian works. Lyricism is now impressively integrated with the harmony; indeed, as in the later music of Roussel, the subtlety and occasional richness of the harmony depends largely on the melodic freedom of the inner parts.

Berkeley has always shown an imaginative understanding of the potentialities of instruments: he is, for instance, one of the few twentieth-century composers to write with affection and effect for the piano. Since, however, his growth in authority has been so inseparably associated with a lyrical ripening, it is not sur-

prising that his finest music should, in recent years, have involved the human voice. The two anthems of 1944 and 1945 may even be seen in relation to the English choral tradition, without sacrificing Berkeley's French lucidity of texture. The *Stabat Mater* of 1946 and—still more—the 'St. Teresa' songs for contralto and string orchestra, one of the many works inspired by the voice of Kathleen Ferrier, reveal a passionate intensity which we had not previously looked for in Berkeley's music. They perhaps suggest that his lyrical maturity, which is also an emotional and intellectual maturity, coincides with a genuine and profound resolution of personal problems at the time of his entry into the Catholic Church. Certainly his recent music shows a sense of emotional release, as one can see by comparing the gauche and constipated vocal writing of 'Jonah' with the mellifluous virtuosity and tenderness of the Ronsard duets.

A composer who finds himself through the development of vocal lyricism will naturally gravitate towards opera. So far we have heard only extracts from Berkeley's opera 'Nelson', with piano. They are sufficient to suggest that when the opera is produced at Sadler's Wells next season we shall recognise it as the culmination of Berkeley's career. The music has the precision and elegance which he acquired from his French training and his innate fastidiousness; it is also vocal, lyrical, direct, and powerfully adequate to a subject which—however surprising one might have found this not so many years ago—is both heroic and essentially English. Berkeley has one fundamental requirement of the successful opera composer: his music is grateful to sing and agreeable to listen to, without any sacrifice of dramatic power or—when it is called for—of profundity. In his music, as in that of the eighteenth-century composers who are in some ways his model, there has never been any sharp division between music that is as 'serious' as he can make it (for instance the Piano Sonata), and music that is intended to entertain by a gracious titillation of the senses (for instance, the recent Trio for violin, horn, and piano). It may well be for this reason that Berkeley has so lively a sense of the practical issues involved in writing music for the theatre. 'A Dinner Engagement' is an operatic *divertissement* which, with no aim except to amuse, will doubtless enliven our imaginative lives with its subtlety and grace. 'Nelson' is a 'grand' opera into which Berkeley has put the essence of his achievement thus far, while remembering that opera is not a religion but a social activity.

RÉALITÉS

—the foremost French monthly magazine—is now published in English and brings to its readers the best of French art and literature. It contains the finest coloured photography and articles on travel, the arts, modern living and world affairs.

'Réalités' will appeal to all who love beautiful things presented with exquisite taste. A yearly subscription (price £4.10) may be obtained from:

RÉALITÉS,
195f Sloane St., London, S.W.1

Prints

and the Phoenix

At the Phoenix Gallery is London's biggest selection of Impressionists in reproduction; also prints of other schools from Botticelli to Henry Moore. Then there are the Phoenix Folios: 6 fine colour prints in each for 3 guineas—unparalleled value! The catalogue tells all. Write or call.

THE PHOENIX GALLERY
(Dept. L1)

38 William IV Street
Charing Cross, London, W.C.2

Banking and YOUR JOB . . .



*"I'm
in
Distribution"*

Distribution is the heart-beat of a country, utilising every form of transport, from horse to aeroplane, and the speed of distribution is the pulse of the nation's industrial health.

Whether from mine, field or factory the products of nature require packing or processing, warehousing or storing, in the course of their long journey to the consumer via the shipper, the wholesaler and the retailer. At each stage banking plays its part in financing the various operations.

Martins Bank, which has a network of branches throughout the country, and agents and correspondents throughout the world, is well equipped to deal with the financial problems of distribution. If you are "in distribution" and have any such problem where you think the Bank could help we invite you to discuss it with our nearest manager, whom you will find to be friendly and understanding.



MARTINS BANK LIMITED

Principal London Office: 68 Lombard Street, E.C.3
HEAD OFFICE: WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL 2
Total Assets (as at 31st December, 1953) £359,885,065

COOKERY BOOKS

1500 - 1954

AN EXHIBITION OF

Manuscripts
Rare Books
First Editions
Modern Works

July 1st - July 17th

THE TIMES
BOOKSHOP
WIGMORE ST., W.1.



The shelter for your garden

These shelters will give added enjoyment to your garden. Built from well seasoned timber they will last for many years. Made in several attractive styles, painted cream outside and pale green inside. Half glass folding doors and revolving gear are optional. Prices from £61. Send the coupon below for FREE illustrated literature.

Boulton and Paul

NORWICH · LONDON · BIRMINGHAM

To:—Boulton & Paul Ltd., Riverside Works, Norwich. Please send me your FREE illustrated SHELTER folder.

NAME

ADDRESS

I would also like to see literature on the following:—HUTS GREEN-
HOUSES GARAGES KENNELS (tick those required).

CRC:TE

FOR BRILLIANT HOME RECORDING



GRUNDIG 'REPORTER' TK 9

records for 1½
hours on one
spool of tape;
pockets for two
spares.
Price 65 Gns.
Choice of two
microphones.
4½ Gns. & 6 Gns.

GRUNDIG 'REPORTER' 700L

gives two hours
perfect speech
recording or one
hour high-fidelity
music on one
spool of tape.
Price 80 Gns.
including
special
Condenser
microphone



At the touch of a button the Grundig Tape Recorder faithfully records every sound—and plays it back immediately and as often as you like. Baby's first words, home musical performances, your favourite radio programmes—the Grundig superbly 'tapes' them all. What you don't like you can erase at will, leaving the tape ready for anything. Your 'star' recordings you can keep for ever. Both the Grundig Tape Recorders shown here are compact masterpieces of design, and are so simple to operate that a child can use them.

GRUNDIG

TAPE RECORDERS

Hire Purchase Terms Available. Most Radio and Photographic Dealers stock Grundig. Ask for a demonstration today, or write for illustrated Folder to:

GRUNDIG (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., DEPT. L, KIDBROOKE PARK ROAD, LONDON, S.E.3
G123

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

APRICOTS COLD AND HOT

THAT GOLDEN FRUIT—the Spanish apricot—is now in season, and although many people like to eat it raw, I, personally, always find it a little floury in taste. I think that the best way to bring out the true apricot flavour is to cook or stew them in a syrup—and that does not mean boiling them for hours and hours. It is advisable to split the apricots in two, allowing the full flavour to permeate the syrup. Sprinkle 1 lb. of these halved apricots with 2 or 3 ounces of sugar. Cover level with water, and gently bring to the boil. Keep it at boiling point for 10 to 12 minutes, but do not allow it to exceed boiling point, or the fruit will go mushy. I also like these stewed apricots cold, and I recently discovered that an exquisite flavour can be given by adding a few drops of gin to the syrup.

Apart from these methods, there are many other interesting ways of serving apricots. For those people who prefer a hot sweet, here is an apricot dumpling recipe, of German origin. Put 2½ oz. butter in a saucepan and add half a pint of milk. Heat this until the butter has melted, then add a pinch of salt and gradually stir in 6 oz. of flour. Stir this mixture over the stove until it no longer sticks to the pan or spoon; cool; turn over a floured board and roll it thinly. Cut this paste into squares. Plunge 1 lb. of apricots into boiling water for two minutes, then skin them. Place one skinned apricot in the centre of each paste square, and wrap it firmly round. Simmer these dumplings in boiling, salted water until they rise to the surface. Then drain them, and sprinkle them with castor sugar flavoured with cinnamon.

For those of you planning picnics, or summer suppers in the garden, here is a new sandwich

filling. Stew the apricots in a syrup and sieve them. Blend this puree with an equal quantity of cream cheese. Add a little mayonnaise, and spread this mixture on buttered slices of bread. Cover with crisp lettuce and chopped nuts, then cover with another slice of buttered bread. Garnish the top with slices of hard-boiled egg and capers.

It seems to be the fashion, particularly in America, to eat fruits with certain types of meat, duck, or goose, especially those meats inclined to be rather indigestible, such as ham or pork.

I wonder if you have ever had spiced apricots? Boil in water the halved apricots, with 2 or 3 ounces of sugar, for 10 to 12 minutes. Remove the apricots and add to the syrup half its volume of wine vinegar. Flavour with a stick of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of cloves, and a pinch of mace and allspice. Bring this to the boil. Add the cooked apricots and allow them to cool in this spicy syrup before serving.

JEAN CONIL

ELDER-FLOWER WINE

Pick 1 gallon of open elder-flowers free from the main stalks, put in a tub or enamel pail (which has been marked at the 2½-gallon level) with 1 gallon cold water, stir, and soak for a day.

Dissolve 4 lb. 6 oz. of white sugar in 1 gallon of water, and add to the above. Make up the must to a total of 2½ gallons with water. Spread a piece of toast with yeast, float it on the must, and stir from time to time. When fermenting, briskly strain through a bag into a 2-gallon demijohn and add the juice of three lemons. Top up with spare wine as the level drops. The vessel must always be kept full. Bung down when fermentation is finished. Put out in the

winter cold, which clarifies the wine, and bottle it in January.

GEORGE ORDISH

Notes on Contributors

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT (page 1075): author and journalist; military analyst, Columbia Broadcasting System 1939-47; military and naval correspondent of *New York Herald Tribune* 1939-46; author of *If Russia Strikes, Hate, Hope and High Explosive*, etc.

SIR ARTHUR RUCKER, K.C.M.G. (page 1077): Chief, European Office, United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency; Deputy Director-General of the United Nations for Korea 1951-54; Deputy Director-General, International Refugee Organisation 1948

GEOFFREY WHEELER (page 1079): Director of the Central Asian Research Centre

SIR JOHN SLESSOR, G.C.B. (page 1080): Marshal of the Royal Air Force; Chief of the Air Staff, 1950-52; Commandant, Imperial Defence College, 1949; Member of Air Council, 1945-1947

SIR GRIMWOOD MEARS (page 1085): Chief Justice of High Court, Allahabad, 1919-32

GORDON CHILDE (page 1089): Professor of Pre-historic European Archaeology and Director of Institute of Archaeology, University of London since 1946; author of *The Dawn of European Civilisation, Prehistoric Communities of the British Isles*, etc.

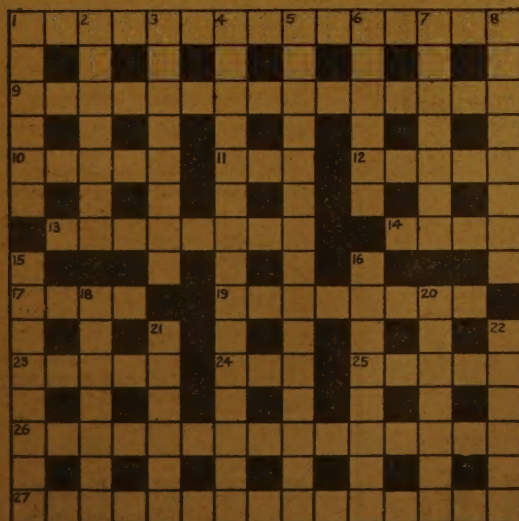
SIR CARLETON ALLEN (page 1096): Fellow of University College, Oxford; Warden of Rhodes House, Oxford, 1931-52; Professor of Jurisprudence, Oxford University 1929-31; author of *Democracy and the Individual, Law and Orders, Law in the Making*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,260.

Snatches of Song. By Altair

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 1



CLUES—ACROSS

1. Leek aloft may start this at Twickenham (15, four words).
9. 11 that German should extol these English stalwarts (15, three words).
10. Lady Keppel called him Robin, but Burns called him Eppie (5).
11. See 9 (3).
12. 'No dog shall — thee, though a thousand bark' (Shakespeare) (5).
13. Drop a letter from mock drama and rearrange for a spice (8).
14. Underfoot or flown aloft (4).
17. Found in all of the Round Towers in Kerry (4).
19. Ha ha — a bed? No. A ship (8).
23. Anne's back with the pods (5).
24. Priest confused in foreign currency (3).
25. He wrote the 'Bivouac of the Dead' (5).
26. Proverbial, but dubious legal maxim (15, two words).
27. Butler saluted at — (15, anag., two words).

DOWN

1. Sounds like a minstrel, but not a professional (6).
2. Tropical region of America in a biological sense (7).
3. To do so in a steeplechase may be cruelty (8).
4. Liza Lehmann's famous tenor passage from Omar (15, four words).
5. Campbell claimed this happened 'as Kosciuszko fell' (15, two words).

6. 'He only may chastise who loves' (—) (6).
7. Paul lectured in Madame Beck's school (7).
8. A most excellent dame will be found in this public school (8).
15. Spiv's Edwardian trousers for example (8, two words).
16. Such an article were best replaced (8).
18. For a spidery hand (7, two words).
20. A French farewell (7, two words).
21. A laird in a certain direction (7).
22. Famous ship in the late Earl Oxford's better half (6).

Solution of No. 1,258

G	A	I	T	M	O	N	E	I	R	C
H	I	O	E	G	N	U	C	N	E	E
T	E	L	R	Y	E	D	N	I	N	C
S	L	S	B	V	F	I	L	S	S	P
A	P	A	P	E	O	R	U	A	I	A
S	I	L	V	E	R	S	M	I	T	H
P	I	K	S	U	H	T	S	H	A	M
N	W	E	A	N	I	E	S	O	R	E
H	R	E	E	E	S	L	N	C	L	A
O	T	S	D	A	N	E	I	T	A	M
A	K	A	N	L	O	L	R	I	E	R
I	K	T	E	I	B	D	E	D	R	A

NOTES.

E. 1 Kings 7.36. N. Dis = PLUTO. Q. 'Midsummer Night's Dream', 4.1. 81. R. ORA 'CLE AVER RED 16-15. PAPA (IN). 27-28. A WEN (anag.) 29-30. 'Orthello', 4.2. 47.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss M. Woods (Hayes); 2nd prize: Mrs. D. M. Payne (Hayes); 3rd prize: H. A. Scutt (Sheffield, 11)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

POSTAL TUITION FOR THE

G.C.E.

According to the number and choice of subjects and the level at which they are taken (Ordinary or Advanced) the General Certificate of Education serves as evidence of a sound general education, the first step to a degree, or the means of exemption from most professional preliminary exams. Wolsey Hall provides individually-conducted postal courses for G.C.E. examinations at very reasonable fees payable by instalments, if desired.

PROSPECTUS from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE51.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Ordinary Writing at Shorthand Speed

Dutton Speedwords, the new fast-writing system which employs ordinary letters instead of signs, can be used for rapid note-taking from the first hour of study. Much used as a practical time-saver by busy executives and professional people. Can be typed or written at 100-120 words per minute. Ordinary matter averages only two letters per word, and Speedwords can be used for all languages. Completely learned in 8 lessons needing only 20 hours study. Warmly commended by G. Bernard Shaw and Prof. Hogben.

or Shorthand by July 24

Less than one hour a day of fascinating spare time study will give you mastery of all the rules of streamlined Dutton Shorthand by July 24 if you act promptly. There is then nothing new to learn and regular practice builds up speeds to 150-200 words a minute. Thousands have made good with Dutton—it's so easy to learn, easy to write, easy to read.

FREE Test Lesson

Tear out this advt. send it with name and address and 2d stamp for full details and free lesson, stating clearly which interests you (enclose 5d. if both desired). Special Air Mail courses available for overseas students. The Dutton School, Dept. L.N.25, 92-93 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1

BM/BOOK

STORIES WANTED

by the British Institute of Fiction-writing Science Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. Suitable stories are revised by us and submitted to editors on a 15% of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection. Address your MS. to Dept. 32.

WE TEACH ONLY FICTION-WRITING

Criticism and Courses for the discerning by specialists. For 16 years we have been receiving testimonials from full and part-time authors, professors, doctors, high-ranking officers and officials—all types. Many of the authors you read are ex-students. Our unique system of taking 10% of your sales monies ensures our maximum efforts on your behalf. Fee returned if unearned.

The Professional Touch is FREE from Dept. 32

The Sign of SCIENCE & SALES

Catch the sun

24 HOURS A DAY

on

NORTHERN

CRUISES

A 13-DAY CRUISE

IN THE

24,000 ton LINER

"CHUSAN"

From London — 3 July
TO NORWEGIAN FJORDS
FARES FROM £66 FIRST CLASS

A 20-DAY CRUISE

IN THE 30,000 ton LINER "ARCADIA"

From Southampton — 31 July and Greenock — 2 Aug. to NORWEGIAN
FJORDS, OSLO, GOTHENBURG, HAMBURG and AMSTERDAM
From Southampton — FARES FROM £101 FIRST CLASS

— FROM £58 TOURIST CLASS

From Greenock — £4 less FIRST CLASS

— £4 less TOURIST CLASS

14-16 COCKSPUR ST., S.W.1. Tel: Whitehall 4444
OR YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT

P & O

A 'TRIPLE ADVANTAGE' INVESTMENT ...

ADVANTAGE

ADVANTAGE

ADVANTAGE

①

②

③

SAFETY FIRST

Interest 2½% Per Annum Net
(Income Tax paid by the Society).

Investment is with this old-established Society with a record of
79 YEARS' SERVICE TO INVESTORS

Thrift is the
arm-chair of
old age, so
save now for
security, in-
dependence
and comfort
in later years



**WRITE FOR FULL
PARTICULARS**

to A. Brummitt, F.B.S.,
General Manager and Secretary.

**CAMBERWELL
AND SOUTH LONDON
BUILDING SOCIETY**
(Dept. L), 8, CAMBERWELL GREEN, LONDON, S.E.5

London University DEGREES—open to all

A Degree of the University of London can be taken without residence. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for the relative examinations (two only under certain conditions) for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., B.Mus., etc. Highly qualified Tutors. Low fees; instalments.

From 1920-1953 more than **36,000** U.C.C. students PASSED London University exams.

★ PROSPECTUS free from the Registrar,



**UNIVERSITY
CORRESPONDENCE
COLLEGE**

56 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

FRENCH—SPANISH GERMAN—ITALIAN

Learned in Six Months by Pelman Method

I am completely satisfied with the Italian Course, thanks to which I have obtained a good working knowledge of Italian in about seven weeks of spare-time study. (I.B. 514).

THIS letter is typical of thousands received from readers who are learning languages by the Pelman method.

This wonderful method enables you to learn a foreign language without using a word of English. Grammatical complexities are eliminated.

Reduced fees for Her Majesty's Forces.

The Pelman method is explained in four little books, one for each language:—

French, Spanish, German, Italian.
(Also Courses in Afrikaans and Urdu)

State which book you want and it will be sent to you by return, together with a specimen lesson, gratis and post free.

PELMAN LANGUAGES INSTITUTE,
82, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore Street,
London, W.1.

MERLIN

WAS a Magician. And it's not wholly a coincidence that more and more people are saying that our Holidays are Magical and the best VALUE for MONEY they have ever had. Why?

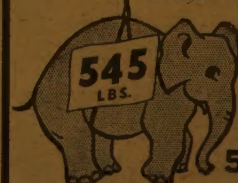
1. Because we want people to be satisfied.
2. Because Lieut.-Commander MERLIN MINSHALL (M.A. Oxon) with his unique knowledge of all aspects of European Travel, plans every minutest detail for your Holiday Enjoyment himself.

Try: GREECE 15 Days, 47 Gns. (Students 39 Gns.), YUGOSLAVIA, GREECE & ITALY 22 Days, 75 Gns. (Escorted throughout; Excursions included; Small Parties.)

Only three more departure dates: 24th July, 29th August, 6th October.

TRAVEL PLANNING LIMITED
10 Blacklands Terrace, Sloane Square, London, S.W.3
KENSINGTON 2490

Don't forget!



the
Break-
point
is
545 lbs.

Cheaper than string—
stronger than rope

**PERFECT UNUSED
EASY TELEPHONE WIRE**

Insulated, waterproof, ideal for Fencing, Packing, Baling Machines, Horticulture, Tomato Stringing, etc.

35/- per mile Min. quantity 1,000 ft. 35/- Free delivery anywhere U.K. 13/6 Write for free sample

Dept. 12, c/o STREETS
110, Old Broad St., London, E.C.2